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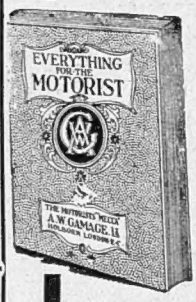

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No. 379.—Vol. XXIX. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, March 8, 1911 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

PEER'S VICTORY (IN THE LAW COURTS)

The Earl of Chesterfield, who, with Lady Chesterfield, is seen above arriving at the Law Courts, brought an action last week against Mr. G. R. Harding, an art dealer, to set aside a sale by him to the defendant of a suit of armour, said to have been made for one of the plaintiff's ancestors by Queen Elizabeth's armourer, worth £2,000. The noble plaintiff won his case

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ISOLA. By Alice M. Diehl. (Long: 6s.)
THE LION OF LYDBORO'. By W. Willmott Dixon. (Long: 6s.)
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The World's Pageant

Photograph] **The Finish of the 2nd Life Guards' Race at the Household Cavalry Point-to-Point Races** [*Sport and General*

An ideal course was mapped out by the Earl of Lonsdale for the annual point-to-point races in connection with the Household Cavalry, which were successfully brought off last week in the presence of a large gathering at Hambleton, in the Cottesmore country. The 2nd Life Guards' Race was for light and heavy-weights, Captain Newton's Silver Spring winning, with Captain Ashton's Yeoman second and Lieutenant-Colonel Trotter's Scout third

Coronation Fixtures

THE Court, it is now settled, is to spend Ascot week—the week before the Coronation—at Windsor. On the Monday following their Majesties return to Buckingham Palace, and it is then—if one may use a somewhat daring phrase—that the fun begins.

A Stiff Week

Tuesday and Wednesday, June 20 and 21, are to be devoted to receiving and banqueting the Royal representatives and guests; Thursday, June 22, is Coronation Day; Friday the Royal procession through London takes place; and Saturday there is the great Naval Review at Spithead; Sunday is to be a day of rest; Monday there is a gala performance at the Opera; and on Tuesday, after a theatrical gala at His Majesty's, a Royal Ball at Derby House.

Westminster Abbey

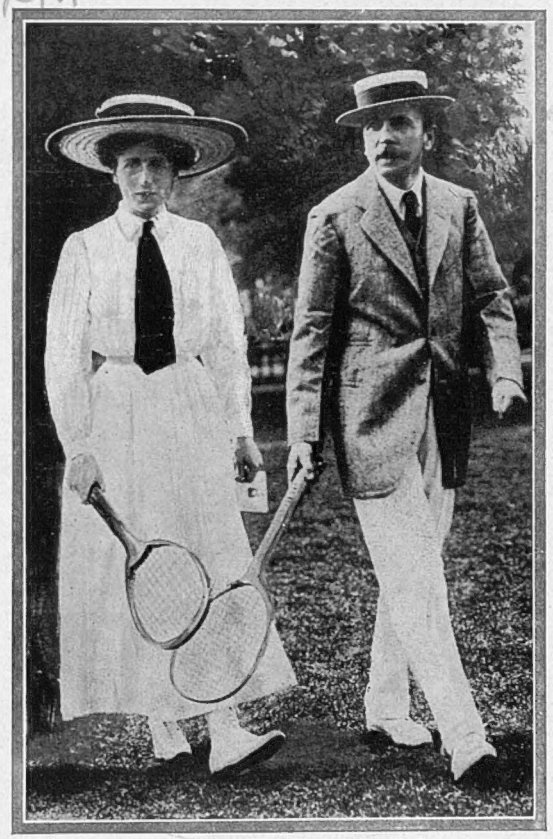
On the day following the closing of the Abbey to the public the King and Queen spent half a morning there discussing at length with the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Beauchamp the Coronation arrangements. The Abbey will be, says an enthusiastic contemporary, "transformed" when it leaves the workmen's hands, and "nothing will be seen of the statuary, monuments, or memorial tablets." From these, apparently, obstreperous behaviour is anticipated. Doubtless they are annoyed at being shut out of it all. Anyway, it is to take no fewer than four months to quell them!

What They Were

Spring as well as Lent was in the air last week, and it was so pleasant in the Park, and such a number of parties were being given, that there really wasn't time to worry about the Veto and things. So the reading of the Parliament Bill ran its course in somewhat lonely splendour, it once actually happening—on the night of some extra nice parties—that Lord Ronaldshay, speaking in debate, addressed a House exclusively Liberal—there wasn't a single Tory in sight!

"Dancing So Gaily!"

No wonder the week's big balls were so successful! Dancing men were plentiful as peas, and there never was such a year for girls. Lady Cochrane, Lady Jane Combe (at whose dance all the Blues and none of the chaperons turned up), Lady Fitzroy, Lady Agnew, and Mrs. Bridges were the chief hostesses of the week, the latter welcoming to the ball Lady Chesterfield, fresh from the Courts and wonderfully jewelled, as well as her distinguished looking husband, who appears, with his wife, as our frontispiece this week.



Lord Denman (the New Governor-General of Australia) with Lady Denman

Whatever may be thought of the appropriateness of Lord Denman's appointment to the Governorship of Australia it is, at any rate, cheering to reflect that he is going to the country where the best lawn tennis players in the world, and the holders of the Davis International Cup, come from. He and Lady Denman will thus have plenty of opportunities of indulging in one of their favourite pastimes and possibly of making a name for themselves in connection therewith

This Week's Jaunts

Lady Ranfurly's dance in Lennox Gardens to-night, Mrs. Arthur Whittaker's ball at the much-favoured Hyde Park Hotel to-morrow, and Mrs. Sydney Buxton's evening party at the Board of Trade on Friday are chief among the social happenings of the week, which also includes the Hunter and Polo Pony Shows at the Agricultural Hall, and an Aero Exhibition at Olympia.

"No Damned Merit!"

The selection of Lord Denman as the new Governor-General of Australia will give considerable pleasure to many of the Government's keenest opponents. It makes it clear that Mr. Asquith, at any rate, is not in the grip of Socialism or any silly "damned nonsense about merit." "Happy is the country whose Governor-General has no history," and "A peer's a peer for a' that," we seem to hear him saying

as he scans in "Who's Who" the record: "Served in South Africa as captain commanding 35th Middlesex Squadron of I.Y. 1900 (wounded). Recreations: billiards, golf, shooting, and hunting." And a nice, new, clean peer, too, only thirty-six years old, and with a nice, new, clean sheet and nice, new, clean title—none of your fusty old things dating back a century or more—almost as good as the unborn 500, in fact! Nothing fusty, either, about the Weetman Pearson family, into which he has married—a connection, with its industrial associations, to be approved even by Mr. Will Crooks or Mr. Ben Tillett.

Out of Season

Under the heading of "Waiting Till the Crowds Poll By," THE BYSTANDER, in its issue of January 9, 1910, published the portraits of several gentlemen regarded as certain of peerages in the near future. My prophecies concerning all (with the exception of Sir Thomas Glen-Coats) have already come off, Sir Edward Tennant's promotion being the latest. Now, why has this honour been conferred so late, and why has it been bestowed out of the usual peerage season? One can quite understand Mr. Asquith's reluctance to make his brother-in-law an hereditary legislator when he and his colleagues were denouncing that particular breed as the curse of the nation. It is not surprising that he preferred to wait until after the election, when little inconsistencies of that kind make so much difference.

A Disappointment

But it is a little puzzling that the occasion of the New Year, His Majesty's birthday, or the Coronation was not considered suitable for the reward of this wealthy Liberal. People *are* whispering that Sir Edward arrived at the conclusion that it was a case of "now or never" if he were not to be mixed up with that preposterous five hundred. There is every indication at present that the five hundred will be wanted, and the Liberals were hoping that their richest and most notable supporters would fall in and march with the inevitable nonentities, thus conferring some sort of respectability on the pressed army. Sir Edward Tennant's hurried promotion has disposed of that idea so far as he is concerned.

Photograph *Bassano*

MRS. STIRLING
An ex-Gaiety girl, and divorced wife of a wealthy young Scotsman, who is now to marry
LORD GEORGE CHOLMONDELEY

As Miss Clara Taylor, Mrs. Stirling appeared in *The Earl and the Girl*, and, after her divorce, in *Our Miss Gibbs*. She is now to marry the second son of the Marquess of Cholmondeley. It will be remembered that the late Lady Meux bequeathed £3,000 to Lord George Cholmondeley "on the condition that he marries a lady in Society"

The Usual Cause Célèbre

There has been, up to now, scarcely a week of the year without a Society *cause célèbre*. In that at present *sub judice* one hears that the amount of linen waiting to be washed is simply prodigious. Baron de Forest is an Austrian Jew by birth but an Englishman by recent naturalisation. He is one of the richest young men in Society, and Lady Gerard, the other party in the case, whose sister-in-law is Baroness de Forest, is one of the smartest and prettiest of Society women.

Love Conquers All

The announcement that Mrs. Stirling (late of the Gaiety and the Law Courts) was to become the daughter-in-law of the "Joint Hereditary Lord Great Chamberlain of England, Marquess of Cholmondeley, Earl of Rocksavage, Earl of Cholmondeley, Viscount Malpas, Baron Cholmondeley, and Baron Newborough," comes as no surprise to Society. Lady Meux's bequest to Lord George seems to have hurried on the match.

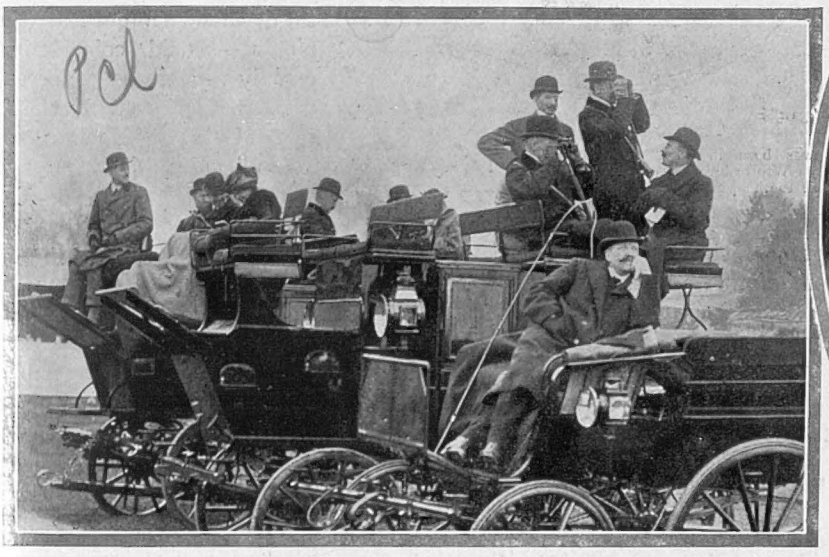
The Fatal Veto Conference

That fatal Veto Conference! Born out of a national bereavement, its late members seem to be marked down by some ruthless decree of destiny. Of the eight who took part in it, no fewer than six have, since the break-up, suffered varying degrees of misfortune. Lord Cawdor is dead, Lord Crewe, Lord Lansdowne, and Mr. Lloyd George, have been attacked, two of them seriously, with illness. Mr. Birrell was the victim of a villainous Suffragette assault, and Mr. Balfour suffered the loss of his brother. Mr. Asquith and Mr. A. Chamberlain have escaped, though even the latter had a bad fall. This sequence of accidents is so striking that one would be false to one's duty as a contemporary chronicler if one failed to call attention to it. I must add the melancholy reflection that THE BYSTANDER itself never approved of the Conference.

The Grand Military at Sandown

A RACE IN WHICH RODE THREE MILLIONAIRE JOCKEYS

Mr. Dermot McCalmont, on Vinegar Hill, Winning the Grand Military Gold Cup

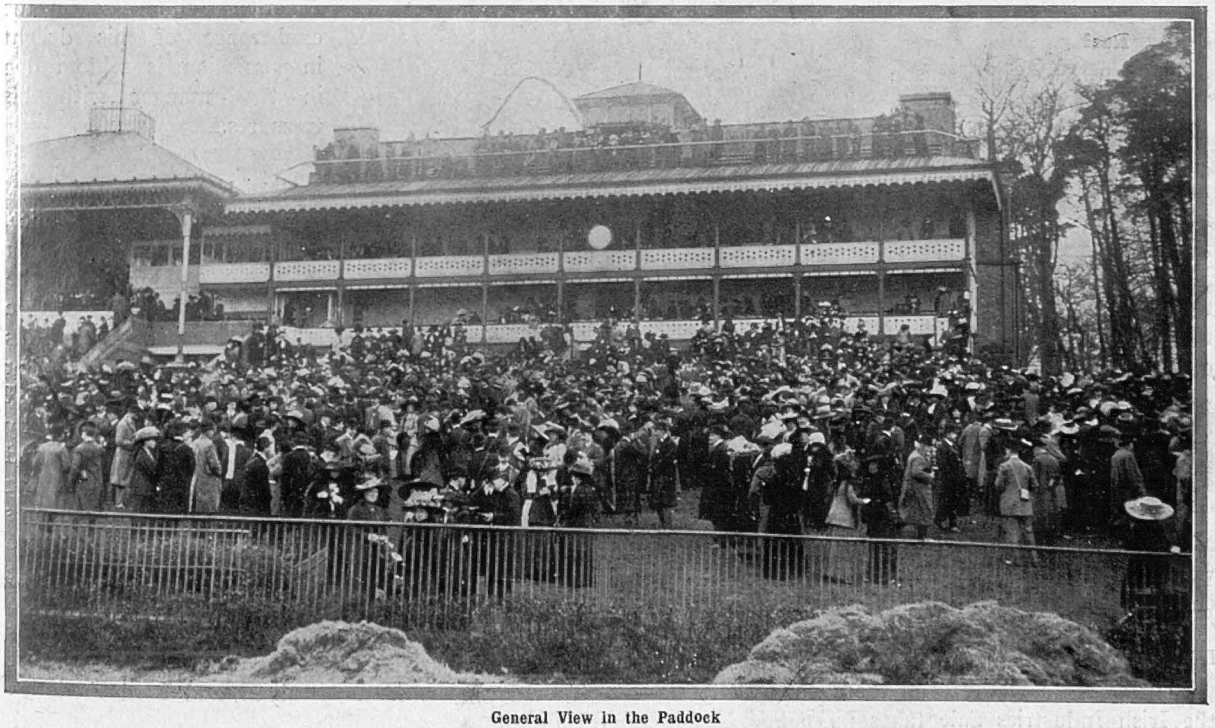


Watching the Races

On the left will be recognised the Duke of Roxburghe, on the right Prince Alexander of Teck (with glasses), Lord Crichton, and Col. Gordon Wilson

Lord and Lady Dalmeny

At Sandown Park



General View in the Paddock

Gold Cup Day at Sandown Park was splendidly patronised, and everyone was delighted that the dashing young millionaire, Mr. Dermot McCalmont, won the big race. Mr. D'Arcy Edwardes, son of Mr. George Edwardes, was the owner of the runner-up. There were at least three millionaire jockeys taking part in the race

A Methodist Peer

The late Lord Wolverhampton, without doubt, went down to fame—as far, at any rate, as the "man in the street" was concerned—not as the maker of, perhaps, one of the finest speeches ever made in the House of Commons (on the Indian Cotton Duties), but as the first solicitor, and, above all, first Wesleyan, to attain Cabinet rank in England. Self-made entirely—the late peer got his education as the Chancellor of the Exchequer got his, haphazard—Lord Wolverhampton preserved to the end that love of a peroration, both weighty and dignified, which is not unusual in the Nonconformist temperament.

Photograph *Lafayette*

The New Lord Wolverhampton

He was born in 1870, and married, last year, the Hon. Evelyn Wrottesley. His sister (the Hon. Mrs. Felkin) is well known to the public by her maiden name, Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, as a novelist

With an Upward Tendency

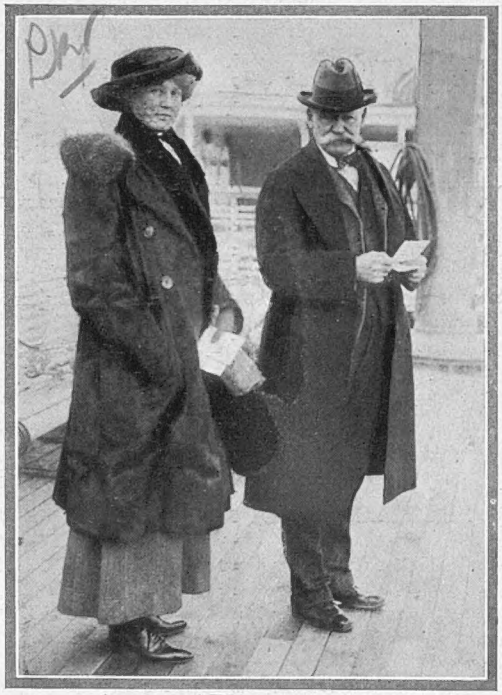
Of business acumen, Lord Wolverhampton possessed even more than the ample share usually also connected with the Nonconformist mind, and he made a fortune out of the solicitor's office in Wolverhampton which he had entered as a lad at the very bottom of the ladder. His elder daughter, now the wife of a school inspector, won literary renown with her novel, "Concerning Isabel Carnaby," and his only son, the new peer, last year considerably raised his family's social status by marrying the daughter of the third Lord Wrottesley, head of a family which traces unbroken descent in Staffordshire for over 700 years.

Spring Racing

The spring racing season (of which, by the way, the photographer is, by Jockey Club ukase, no longer to be a feature) began last Friday and Saturday, when the ever-popular and always-delightful Soldiers' Meeting took the racing set and all the soldiers from everywhere down to Sandown for the occasion. The "little" meetings — point-to-point and regimental—become annually more and more "the thing," and at not a few last year the women in paddock and enclosure very nearly outnumbered the men.

Irish Industries

Next week—sure herald of the coming of Spring—the Irish Industries Sale takes place at Lansdowne House. This is one of the few functions at which ducal and other high-born saleswomen billed to appear really do appear, and the crowd, therefore, is usually as immense as it is heterogeneous. Irish point somehow seems so much more pointed, doesn't it, sold, with a smile, by an Irish peeress?



Photograph *Ernest Brooks*

Back for the Coronation?

The Duke of Richmond and his daughter, Lady Helen Gordon-Lennox, at Southampton, leaving for the West Indies

"The Mill"—

This year, too, there is the added attraction of a chance to catch a glimpse of the notorious Rembrandt "Mill," which has come, in the midst of the furore, to town. Strange that the circumstances attending the sale—viz., an American collector (anon) offering £100,000, the nation invited to do likewise, or lose the picture—should coincide so exactly with those connected with the Duke of Norfolk's sale of his "Duchess of Milan" (for £72,000) two years ago.

—And the Nation

In so far as the nation's artistic credit is concerned, it would, of course, as Sir Charles Holroyd mildly remarks, be a pity for the Rembrandt to go to America. But in so far as the public is concerned—and by public in this particular connection is meant all that fairly large muster not included on Bowood invitation lists—the picture really might just as well be in New York as at Bowood—better perhaps, if anything, for the American millionaire, in the exuberance of his delight in possession, is seldom dog in the manger with his treasures.

A Duke in Westminster

Wasn't there, too, a nice, convenient, and also rather shadowy American in the background when the Duke of Marlborough sold his Raphael Madonna (for £70,000) to the nation? I believe so. His Grace, by the way, has at last acquired a domicile in London, having purchased Mr. Runciman's old house in Great College Street, where he will be neighboured by such celebrities as Mr. Alfred Lyttelton (Mrs. Lyttelton's newest play, *Aspasia's Statue*, was produced at the Boudoir Theatre last Thursday), Mr. C. R. Trevelyan, and Lord Frederick Hamilton.

What is Your Member Doing in Parliament?

NOVEL POLITICAL COMPETITION: ENTER AT ONCE!

HANDSOME PRIZE FOR MOST SKILFUL FORECAST

"*The days of the private Member in this House have gone, perhaps never to return.*"—MR. F. E. SMITH, K.C., M.P.

A FEW months ago you elected your Member of the new Parliament. How is the hon. gentleman enabled, by the present Party system, to discharge his duties as your representative? It is alleged by the malcontents that a private Member is prevented from taking his proper share in debate, and from voting according to his convictions in Divisions, by the decrees of the Party Whips. How far is YOUR M.P. thus affected?

At the end of the Session THE BYSTANDER will publish a complete analysis of the number of speeches made by every individual Member (including questions asked verbally in the House) and also the number of divisions in which he has voted during the Session of 1911. From this it will be possible for his constituents to check the extent to which their Member has been able to discharge his duties—duties for which it is now proposed he shall receive a salary.

Meanwhile, we invite electors and residents (of either sex) in *every constituency of the United Kingdom* to state for us, on the form on p. 476, the exact number of speeches and votes which each competitor expects *his* or *her* M.P. to make and cast during the Session from its opening in February to its adjournment in August (the possibility of an Autumn Session being excluded from the forecast).

To guide you in making your computation, we publish, as a separate Blue Paper with this issue, an analysis of speeches made and votes given during the Session of 1910 by present M.P.'s who sat in the last Parliament.

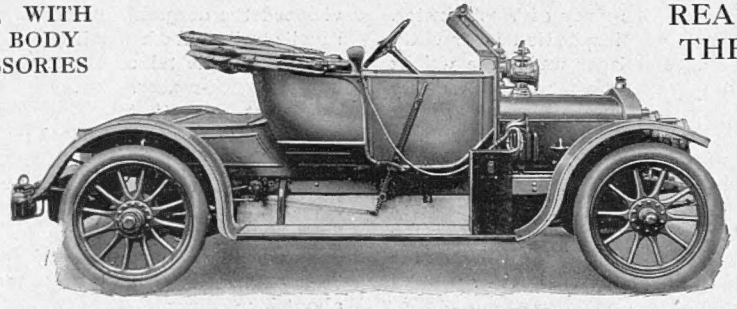
To the sender of the statement which proves, in the opinion of the Editor, to be the most skilful forecast of the actual facts as they will be recorded at the end of the Session by the official Parliamentary Reports (Hansard), will be presented

A Straker-Squire Motor-Car, Value £395

TWO-SEATER, WITH STANDARD BODY AND ACCESSORIES

READY FOR THE ROAD

Including Tyres, Hood, Wind Screen, two 7in. Rushmore Flare Headlights, with



Generators fitted complete, two side and one tail lamps, and the usual tool kit.

POINTS OF JUDGING

In the event of two or more readers sending in forecasts of equal merit, consideration will be given to the entry which has first reached the office. The earliest date is to-day, the latest Good Friday, April 14, when the Competition closes. Only *bonâ-fide* Residents at the addresses given are invited to compete. For special conditions to Foreign and Colonial competitors see below.

TWO-MEMBER CONSTITUENCIES

Competitors may forecast either Member or both, but in the latter case separate forms must be used for each name.

ABSENTEE MEMBERS

Forecasts will not be accepted from residents in constituencies whose Members are known, at the time of sending in, to be incapacitated by illness or other cause from attendance at the House.

COMPETITORS ABROAD

Britons in foreign countries or the Colonies are eligible to compete for the constituencies in which they are *bonâ-fide* residents when in the United Kingdom, on condition that both home and foreign addresses are given. A London club address is admissible in the case of residents abroad.

[*FOR ENTRY FORM, SEE NEXT PAGE*]

CUT THIS OUT

"BYSTANDER" PARLIAMENTARY FORECAST, SESSION 1911

Below I state what, from my knowledge of the Member of Parliament for my Division, I expect will be the part played by him in Speech and Vote during the Parliamentary Session now in progress. I agree to accept as final the decision of the Editor of THE BYSTANDER *as to the result of the Competition.*

NAME OF CONSTITUENCY	MEMBER'S NAME	PARTY	FORECAST OF NO. OF SPEECHES (INCLUDING QUESTIONS)	NO. OF DIVISIONS IN WHICH HE IS EXPECTED TO VOTE

Name of Competitor .....

Address ..... *Date* .....

ELECTOR or RESIDENT. (Strike your pen through either of these.)

SPEAKERS WHO HAVE CAUGHT OUR EYE

The Week in Parliament as Witnessed by Our Own Representative

A distinguished Member in the old days rose on a point of order to ask why there were two Speakers in the Chair. Far be it from me to send M.P.'s of the present sober House of Commons to the bottle. The Kitchen Committee have not yet sold the cellar, but the art of convivial excess is a bygone glory of Westminster. I will only say that a source of inspiration is urgently needed if the House is not to collapse under the weight of its own dulness. I deeply regret that I do not carry Mr. Walter Long with me. I envy the Member for the Strand his seasoned appetite—for Parliamentary oratory. At the end of the four days' Veto debate last week he protested that he wanted eight. I cannot boast Mr. Long's fine ruddy colour, yet I claim to be a truer representative of the people's will. We were all very tired of it by the second day. Does the reader realise that except when the big guns boomed the House was nearly deserted ?

Only two of the big guns increased their reputation, and neither Mr. Asquith nor Mr. Balfour was one. The semi-Scotch Mr. Runciman, the Edinburgh-Scotch Mr. Clyde were the unlooked-for forces. If the Tories could wean Mr. Clyde away more often from the fascinating pursuit of guineas at the Scottish Bar it would be all to their good in the House. But my eye was especially on the private Members. How eager they were, with the House almost to themselves. A score rose at a time on each side—with the instantaneousness of a soldier springing to attention—greedy to catch the Speaker's eye, hopeless of catching the House's ear. I took delight in three maiden speeches. Mr. Ingleby quoted Polybius, for has he not succeeded the versatile Mr. Gibson Bowles in King's Lynn ? But his sizing-up of the House after a mere month's membership astonished me. He came full of ideas. His pocket bulged with Bills ; his soul with noble aspirations. Alas ! " I find at once I am not the legislator I thought I was going to be, and that I am exactly like hon. Members opposite, a mere nonentity and a registration machine."

Then Mr. Neville. I wonder what Wigan thinks ? Why did he hold his hat all the time he was speaking ? There was plenty of room on the benches, and a good maiden speech is at least worth sitting down on one's hat for. Mr. Neville has a good, lawyer-like appearance, but he cannot really know bar-parlours, or he would not have permitted himself to be baited by the Socialists. He saw the setters of the rat-trap letting the cat out of the bag. He exposed the policy of filling up the cup, of ploughing the sands, and of milking the he-goat. He visioned the desperate gamblers of a Government with a royal straight flush in their hands creating the puppet peers. And he talked about the escapement of a watch like a watch-maker. Mr. Neville looks so genial. He could not know that the humour that is bandied about in bar-parlours should not be answered in the House, even in metaphor. A clean-shaven little Welshman with a ready manner is my third man. Mr. J. Hugh Edwards is one of those few who are at home in the House from the first. The electors of Saffron Walden might ask Mr. Cecil Beck what on earth he meant by apologising to the House " for having spoken at all." There was no mealy apology about Mr. Edwards. How many times had the House of Lords ever revised or delayed any Tory measure sent up by this House ? he asked. Sir Gilbert Parker, on the opposite benches, deliberately selected a list from his sheaf of papers. " At least twenty-five between 1887 and 1905," he answered. " I shall be very glad to see the list," retorted Mr. Edwards ; " but I venture to say now, without seeing it, that if they revised them at all they made them more Tory." There is resource !

Again : " At the instigation of Lord Milner the Lords attempted to cross the Red Sea on dry ground, but Lord Milner's dam burst and they were overwhelmed with disaster." Still the right stuff—it gets beyond the local papers. The House remembers how it laughed. Compensation for many weary speeches was gratefully received from this new Welsh Liberal. Forty-five private Members spoke in the four days. Private Members need not complain of neglect. The House will stay to listen only if compelled. Mr. F. E. Smith and Mr. Ryland Adkins have set them models in the Veto debates. Brimful of interest and knowledge ; full of grit and grip. The best *mot* of the week is credited to Mr. Adkins. " So shines a good deed in a naughty world," he said of Mr. Smith's famous " fairplay " letter claiming justice for Liberals from the Lords. We are all agreed on " the naughty world." And we all—except Mr. Long—bade good-bye to Veto debates in the Commons for a month with infinite pleasure.

MOTTOES AS A BIRTHDAY PRESENT

ROYAL GREETINGS TO A ROYAL NONAGENARIAN

THE KAISER
"Ready, aye, ready, for the glory of the Empire"

THE KING OF WURTEMBURG
"Sans Peur et Sans Reproche"

THE GRAND DUKE OF HESSE
"Faithful unto Death"

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA
"Consciousness of duty well and truly done exalts us in good fortune and comforts us in gloomy hours"

THE KING OF SAXONY
"All for one, one for all"

THE PRINCE REGENT OF BAVARIA
Who receives the book on March 12

The German reigning Princes, headed by the Kaiser, have contributed a series of Royal mottoes to a remarkable volume, written and illustrated by the most famous living Germans as a present to the Prince Regent of Bavaria on his ninetieth birthday which falls on March 12

Above are portraits of the Royal contributors with the mottoes they have chosen

The Grand Duke Michael

One who takes fullest advantage of England's hospitalities is the Romanoff Grand Duke Michael, an exile from Russia on account of his romantic morganatic marriage with Countess Torby, daughter of Prince Nicholas of Nassau, also by a morganatic marriage. He prefers, owing to the lung trouble so prevalent in the Russian Imperial family, life in that lovely house—Caenwood—which commands such wonderful views on top of Hampstead Heath. The Grand Duke Michael was a close friend of the late King's, and one of the last to see him before he died, having been summoned post-haste from Kissingen for the purpose. His daughter, the Grand Duchess Zia (Anastasie), who is first cousin of the Crown Princess of Germany, and not unlike her in appearance, was a much-favoured godchild of His late Majesty, and treasures countless souvenirs of his generosity. She and her sister, the Grand Duchess Xenia, are prominent *débutantes* of the year. During the winter months the Grand Duke and his family are always at Cannes, where they have a lovely villa, play golf with the English and Russian notabilities, and come in constantly (always in a special train) to Monte Carlo, where they entertain a lot at the Hôtel de Paris and at Ciro's.

Photograph] **Miss Edyth Olive** *[Ellis and Walery*

An actress who achieved a triumph last week as Herodias in the performance of Oscar Wilde's *Salome* by the New Players at the Court Theatre

The New Players

A correspondent who was present at the Court Theatre on Monday afternoon of last week, writes: I wonder if your contributor, Mr. Robert Ross, the owner, I understand, of Wilde's dramatic copyrights, had any idea of what was going to be done with *Salome* by the "New Players" when he gave permission for its performance. You may or may not admire the play, but surely the author's intentions were clear enough, and more than enough has been written on the subject. Miss Adeline Bourne either deliberately ignored those intentions or she is quite incapable of interpreting them. Among the crimes of the daughter of Herodias that of imitating Mrs. Patrick Campbell's enunciation is not mentioned either in Scripture or by Oscar Wilde. The New Players seemed to think it was part of the etiquette of Herod's Court, for they all followed suit with the exception of Jokanaan and Herodias herself. Both these parts were admirably played, and it would be impossible to speak too highly of Mr. Arthur Wontner's and Miss Edyth Olive's performances. Mr. Harcourt Williams's Young Syrian was fine, and he was responsible, I understand, for the excellent but entirely erroneous theory of the staging.

Photograph *Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street*

A Popular Royal Russian Visitor

H.I.H. The Grand Duke Michael, in the uniform of the regiment of Caucasian Rifles, of which he is Colonel. The Grand Duke is very fond of England, and spends many months here in his lovely house on Hampstead Heath

Many Faults

The *Times* critic rightly pointed out that *Salome* is not presumed to give a picture of Oriental life in the first century of our era. The characters are abstractions and modern symbols. But Salome, though she belongs entirely to the end of the nineteenth century, was not a twentieth-century Suffragette attempting an entrance into the House of Commons or asking for Mr. Winston Churchill's head on a charge sheet, apparently Miss Adeline Bourne's conception of the part. The text was taken much too slowly, and the minor characters were too naturalistic, though they had obviously been told to accept their cues in that way. The Roman Tigellinus should have been provided with a seat; he alone should display no emotion at the antics of Salome. His whole character was falsified when he darted across the stage with the rest of the company as if Mr. Redford was coming out of the well. The part is small but important. Mr. Eric Maturin settled

Foreign Graces at St. James's

NEW PORTRAITS OF RUSSIAN AND JAPANESE MEMBERS OF LONDON SOCIETY

Countess Nada Torby, younger daughter of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia

Countess Zia Torby, elder daughter of the Grand Duke, a débutante of this season

Miss Kato, daughter of the Japanese Ambassador to St. James's

Madame Kato, wife of the Japanese Ambassador to St. James's

Photogrdphs *Rita Martin*

the hash of the Page of Herodias. Poor *Salome*; she is doomed never to have a chance on the English stage. Even the intellectual Stage Society shies at her. The performance will only add to Mr. Redford's popularity with the critics.

The Riviera Booming

The Riviera, from Mentone to Hyères, is literally packed, and if this season doesn't beat most records it will have to end up very badly indeed. Even at such places as Grasse it is impossible to find a vacant room, and the hotels at Nice and Monte have been turning people away by the hundred. I was waiting in the hall of the Métropole at Monte the other morning, and saw no fewer than twenty applications for rooms refused in as many minutes! And what applies to the hotels applies equally to the restaurants and shops,

M. Legagneux Flying over the Grand Hotel de France during the Battle of Flowers at Nice

which are doing a roaring trade, while the receipts of the various gaming-tables are literally colossal. Every single table at the Nice Casino is crowded with players from four till eight and from nine till closing time, and the Sporting Club at Monte Carlo is so full that they are making membership of it by no means the easy thing it was at the start of the season. Next year the mere fact of belonging to a club—the Upper Tooting Bicycle Club, for instance—will by no means admit one to membership, I feel sure, and it will be an excellent thing if the cosy little club can be kept really select.

Germans Scarce

Funnily enough, though the season is so extraordinarily good, the Germans are not with us in such numbers as usual, and the majority of visitors is made up of French, Russians, English, and Americans. There are, I should say, at least double the quantity of French and English that there were last year—a fact exceedingly good for trade. But with all the crowd, the season cannot be said to be smart. Well-known people are few and far between, save at Cannes, with a sprinkling at Monte Carlo and on the heights of Cimiez. . . .

Regal Tipping

Captain de Courcy Bower has left us, his second visit, which was a very short one, being productive of another £25,000 to add to his bank balance. He went away with it, but told me he meant to come back, so the Casino has not lost the money yet. He has, by the way, completely spoiled the tipping market, always refusing to take the change out of a louis, while the man who wheels the refreshment trolley along the Nice platform nearly fainted when presented with a *plaque* in exchange for a whisky and soda. The porter at the Métropole, where the gallant Captain stayed, became quite a mathematician, being employed each morning to assist in counting the previous evening's gains.

The Plaster Carnival

Carnival is over, and save the Niçois there are few who are sorry. The plaster confetti battles drive hundreds away to avoid the nasty stuff, and the town is too crowded during the fêtes to make it pleasant for anyone who wants the barest imitation of a "quiet time." The battles of flowers at Nice were far better than was expected. There were some really lovely carriages and automobiles, and if the fight was only brisk in "spots" that was on account of the exorbitant

One of the Gorgeous Floral Motor-Cars at the Battle of Flowers, Nice

This car (contributed by the Auto and Aero Club) and its bevy of beauty were heartily cheered, the battle raging fast and furious wherever it happened to be

prices asked for ammunition. The Casino was, of course, packed for the mimosa and cherry *redoute*, and they kept the fun up till sunrise. A Nice season can be exceedingly tiring, let me assure you.

Ammunition from the Air

Legagneux continues to give almost daily exhibitions of his skill as an aviator. He flew over the battle of flowers and dropped bouquets on the carriages, and he made an appearance at the plaster confetti battle and dropped a sackful of the little pellets on some unsuspecting heads. Rumour has it that he means to fly from Nice to San Remo, landing on the golf links at Taggia. If he succeeds, this will be a fine flight indeed.

That Anglo-German Entente

WILL THE CROWN PRINCE'S TOUR CEMENT A LONG-DESIRED FRIENDSHIP?

Photograph *Bourne and Shepherd, India*

THE ARRIVAL OF H.I.H. THE GERMAN CROWN PRINCE AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE, CALCUTTA

The Crown Prince was received at Calcutta with a Royal salute and other honours. Lord and Lady Hardinge welcomed the Prince at Government House, where both the British and German communities cheered him heartily. Before leaving Calcutta he expressed his delighted appreciation of all that he saw in India, especially of its administration by so small a body of officials. The Prince's reception leads one to hope that the Anglo-German entente is not an idle dream

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

PERSONALLY, I think that the Government ought to try and make things like the Census more agreeable to the ordinary person. Why not offer prizes to those who fill their returns out most neatly?

* * *

Of course, it is the citizen's duty and privilege and so on to state how many wives he has married, and so forth, and he ought to enjoy doing it. As he does not enjoy doing it, he should be encouraged in every possible way. Prizes might easily be offered in the way I have mentioned, or in many others.

* * *

For example, the man whose children possess the most taking names might be rewarded. Or the woman who has been married the shortest possible period. Or there might be a prize for the oldest or the fattest butler.

* * *

No doubt the Census will be carried through anyway. Nobody is going to spend the night of April 2 in a balloon in order to avoid the Census questions. The point is rather that whereas the evening of April 2 might be a jolly and hearty evening, it will, in all probability, be a miserable and recriminatory one, with the average householder in sulks.

* * *

I see, by the way, that a lady has come forward to state that for sulks—in children—massage is the Japanese remedy, and various people have suggested that the same cure would do for grown-ups as well. But how many people would care to be the *masseurs* who undertook the cure?

* * *

"John, you seem singularly sulky. Shall I send round for the *masseur?*" Imagine that suggestion from a young wife, and imagine John's reply. No. Such methods may do for the Japanese, but Englishmen have long recognised that a man's temper is his private affair, which nobody has any right to interfere with.

* * *

Public men might, in the interests of the State, consent to be rubbed the right way. There might be a *Masseur* to the House of Commons, whose duty it would be, in the event of a breeze or a tiff, to bustle out the Member into a Lobby and there operate until he lost that aggrieved feeling that comes from not catching the Speaker's eye. Private persons should be left to themselves.

* * *

"Country life"—says a contemporary—"is gradually losing its fascination, and London suburbs are coming into their own again." After all, it was to be expected. People must have their *Wander-jahr*, but the lure of Tooting is bound in the end to call back the Tooting-born.

* * *

"Much has been accomplished in the field of aeronautics during the past year," says Mr. Haldane, in his paper on the Army Estimates. Aeronautics in a field is all very well, but the time is now come when we want our Army to rise into the air as well. It looks silly always to see an officer charging up and down a field in an aeroplane.

* * *

Provision is made for an increase of 2,200 men in the Regular Army to meet various "exceptional conditions." Do the latter words mean that we are about to invade Germany, or that there is to be another Battle of London?

* * *

In either case, the increased numbers seem too small. Neither Letts nor Germans are to be intimidated as easily as Mr. Haldane supposes.

Mary: "No, Sir, I don't hold with getting married at a Registry Office—I shouldn't feel really married"
Lodger: "That's one of its chief charms"

By Hebblethwaite

Adding Insult to Injury

Voice from above: "Hi! Hang on to my anchor below there. I want to descend"

BY ARTHUR WATTS

Editor of Illustrated Weekly *(of inferior class)* to Artist: "I don't like to think you've climbed up four flights of stairs for nothing, so I'll give you a guinea for it—I mean a pound —we always pay in pounds"

Artist: "Knock off a shilling for wear and tear of the staircase, I suppose?"

BY CHAS. PEARS

London Nights Entertainments

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

"BABY MINE" AT THE CRITERION THEATRE

THIS is a farcical comedy of the old school, and I was, therefore, very pleased to note that quite early in the piece Mr. Weedon Grossmith sat on his new hat and crushed it into a shapeless mass, because no farce is complete without this touching and homely incident. It would not be fair, however, to suggest that the hat trick, so to speak, is typical of the whole of the play. *Baby Mine* is quite uproariously funny in many parts, though the subject is one that is not easy for a bashful person like myself to discuss. Alfred and Zoie are a young couple who do not get along very well together defiy because she declines to supply him with an heir. Finally leaves her on this count, and goes to ide in a distant vn. Upon which of her lady friends poses that Zoie ll call her husband k from his exile obtaining a newly n baby from a ernity home and tending that it is r own. The last o acts take place Zoie's bedroom, ith Zoie herself in ed posing as the happy young mother, and—but I beg your pardon; where are we? Perhaps it would be well to explain at this point that the play is written by a lady, "Margaret Mayo," which doubtless accounts for the somewhat undue emphasis laid upon a situation which is still the brightest dream of every normal woman. The fun of the play is derived from the efforts made to secure the loan of a baby in a hurry. At first the baby contracted for does not arrive; and when desperate efforts are made to obtain another one elsewhere, there is, as it were, a glut on the market. The happy father has no sooner congratulated himself upon a son and heir, when he finds a second baby in the cradle. The little thing had been brought in by Mr. Weedon Grossmith, and laid in the cradle temporarily; and they have to tell the proud father that it was really twins, but they wanted to break the news gently. When by a regrettable oversight a third baby is brought to the room and found by the riotously happy father, you can easily understand that the mirth in the house becomes very much unrestrained. The play is very well put together, and the element of surprise is almost always present. Now and again it is present in the dialogue; but I have no doubt that a good deal of that has been modified since the first performance.

Sketched by Norman Morrow at the Criterion Theatre

I think this play is a very good example of the result of Anglo-Saxon squeamishness. The piece has, I understand, been a great success in America, and for all I know to the contrary, it may repeat its triumph here. I hope so, for the sake of all concerned. The humour consists for the most part of the open presentation of an event usually dealt with behind closed curtains. The Continental mind would frivol in quite a recklessly flippant spirit over the relations of the sexes up to this point; but it would hold that there is a time-limit even in these matters. The Anglo-Saxon mind, however, does not officially admit the existence of the sex question. Married people must naturally expect to have babies in the ordinary course of events, and there can be no harm in presenting the details of a circumstance which is not only quite natural, but has

the additional advantage of being entirely and completely respectable. Thus the spectacle of a young wife in bed under circumstances of the most approved domestic kind creates no shock to people who are themselves of an intensely domesticated turn of mind. Unfortunately, in these catholic days so many of us have the opportunity of learning something of the larger world outside our own, and whether for good or ill we cannot help being imbued with notions that prevail in other countries.

It is for this reason that I apologetically confess that much of this play seemed to me to be quite improper, though I am quite sure that such must have been the last intention of the authoress or the producer of the entertainment. The authoress seems to have dealt with her subject in all the freedom of guileless innocence, on the principle that to the pure all things are pure. She cannot know—how, indeed, should she?—that her unsophisticated mirth does not always convey the simple meaning that she herself attaches to it. I have noticed sometimes that when at a man's party a clergyman unbends for a moment to tell a worldly story, it always becomes a good deal more shocking in his hands than in the hands of an ordinary person, for the reason that the normally proper habit of his life leaves him unable to take the point of view of the hardened sinner. It only remains to be said that Miss Iris Hoey, in the part of the young wife, achieves a success which is quite phenomenal, and which proves this young lady to be well fitted for work of a far better kind. Mr. Weedon Grossmith is, of course, a fund of humour all the time, and I hope *Baby Mine* will prove a popular success.

The Kidnapper: A Scene from "Baby Mine" at the Criterion Theatre. Sketched by Norman Morrow

"BARDELYS THE MAGNIFICENT" AT THE GLOBE THEATRE

MR. LEWIS WALLER has again justified the confidence of his friends. He has realised once more the dashing hero of our dreams, with curly brown hair and expensive clothes; and in his latest play he keeps up the excitement to the absolute limit. Bardelys is the personal friend of Louis XIII. (of France and Navarre), and he has a fine reputation for what is euphemistically called success among the fair sex. The story is about the usual wager between two gallants competing for a lady's favour. The rivals begin to wager as to Bardelys's chances of winning the lady, and then King Louis strolls into the room and forbids Bardelys to go to Toulouse on such an errand. The idea of a mere King dictating to the hero of a romantic drama is rather rich. What?

Of course, Bardelys goes to Toulouse; and just outside the town he strolls into a wayside barn for shelter. As it happens, there is already someone in the barn—a dying traitor to be precise. When the traitor has passed away, Bardelys is left with a few confidential documents, which enable him to pass himself off as the dead man. He does not want to call upon Roxalanne in his own name because his reputation for gallantry has preceded him, and these raw country girls have such weird ideas on the subject of right and wrong. As it turns out, in passing himself off as the dead man, Bardelys has been simply asking for trouble. The horribly hard-hearted villain, de Castelroux, has been sent to Toulouse by the King to execute summary justice on all rebels, and when he comes and finds his hated rival Bardelys posing as someone else, he politely agrees to respect the *incognito*. The awkward part of it is that the other man is wanted by the executioner, and if Bardelys is the traitor he represents himself to be—and it is not for de Castelroux to contradict so distinguished a person—it follows naturally that he must be tried and condemned for treason. I mean, that's logic, isn't it? The trial, which is reserved for the last scene of the last act, keeps the excitement up to fever heat till the fall of the curtain; and you can almost hear the beating hearts of the Keen Crder of Wallerites as they realise that their gallant hero is positively being condemned to death, although before heaven and all that kind of thing he is innocent. It is all nicely dramatic and is extremely well done. Mr. Waller is quite at his best; and Miss Madge Titheradge has all the sweetness and gentle resignation so necessary for the heroine in a drama of this kind. Last, but by no means least, there is Miss Lottie Venne as the heroine's mother—a romantic lady with exciting memories of the Court of the rather flighty Queen of Navarre.

JINGLE.

Wallerites Themselves Again!

Mr. Lewis Waller's recent excursion into the province of Vaudeville was hardly to the taste of the Keen Order of Wallerites. Hence they relish all the more his most recent triumph at the Globe Theatre

BY NORMAN MORROW

THE EDUCATION OF THE ROYAL PRINCES

THEIR FUTURE CAREERS SETTLED

(By Our Special UNRELIABLE *Correspondent)*

Soldier—

THE *Observer*, in a recent number, took us into the confidence of His Majesty the King, and gave some interesting information as to the arrangements that had been made for the future education of the young Prince of Wales. His naval education completed, he is to be turned out the complete soldier. He is also to go to Oxford, and details were given as to the course of life he is to pursue there. And he is to be sent on his travels, and generally to be fitted, by seeing something of everything and everybody, for his high destiny.

It has since been announced that there is no truth in these statements.

We are enabled to give, on the same lack of authority, a forecast of the careers laid down for the other young Princes of the Royal Family, and shall be delighted to publish the needed contradiction whenever it reaches us.

—Sailor—

Prince Albert will follow the profession of a sailor exclusively, but it has been laid down for him that he is in no way to have special consideration on account of his exalted rank. If he should, as sailors say, become keen on his job, he will rise in the ordinary course of promotion to be Admiral of the Fleet. Otherwise, a special Act of Parliament will be passed to enable him to assist the efforts of the Admiralty from the benches of the House of Commons, and he will be trained by naval experts to write articles and letters for the newspapers. If, however, he should not show capability even to this extent, which is not expected, he will retire from the Navy as Commander, and a place will be found for him in the Coastguard Service, or he may enter that of the P. and O., still retaining his rank in the Royal Naval Reserve.

—Journalist—

It is not intended to train any other of the Royal Princes for the combatant services. Prince Henry, when he has left his school at Broadstairs, will proceed to Rugby, where he will be treated just like anybody else. He will afterwards spend a term at each of the Universities of the United Kingdom, beginning with Oxford and concluding with the Royal University of Ireland, in Earlsfoot Terrace, Dublin (*vide* "Whitaker's Almanac"). He will make the tour of the British dependencies under the guidance of Sir H. S. Lunn, and will then be ready to take up his destined career of journalism. He will learn everything from the bottom, and no difference will be made for him on account of his exalted rank. He will enter the composing-room of the *Evening News* as linotype operator, and will proceed to the advertisement offices of the *Daily Mail*, where he will be put in charge of the "small ads" department. He will then be instructed as to what the public wants during a year spent in the editorial rooms of *Answers*, *Home Chat*, and *The Children's Encyclopædia*, under the personal supervision of Lord Northcliffe, and at the end of that time Mr. Buckle will retire from the editorship of the *Times* and Prince Henry will take his place.

—Actor—

Prince George is destined for the stage. He will go to Eton and to Christchurch, Oxford, and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he will take part in the performances of the O.U.D.S. and the A.D.C. He will then spend a year with Mr. F. R. Benson's company in the provinces, where no difference will be made between him and the other actors on account of his exalted rank. Coming to London, he will take small parts at various theatres in costume and problem plays, modern comedy, melodrama, and burlesque, will sing in the chorus of Mr. Thomas Beecham's opera company, and spend a short season with Mr. Pélissier, and will then embark upon managership in conjunction with Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree.

—And Clergyman

Prince John will, as at present arranged, enter the Nonconformist ministry, but no pressure will be brought upon him if, when he grows older, he should show disinclination to do so. It is decided, however, that he shall be entered at Mill Hill School, after a course of study under the tutorship of the Reverend Sylvester Horne, M.A., M.P. He will afterwards attend classes at the University College in Gower Street, and will take his B.A. degree at the London University, if he can do so, but no favour will be shown to him over the other candidates on account of his exalted rank. A Doctor's degree will be conferred on him from America, and his correct style will be the Rev. Prince John, B.A., D.D. He will at first be associated with the Reverend R. J. Campbell as Junior Pastor of the City Temple, and will afterwards be entrusted with a charge of his own. It is not intended that he shall accept a call to a church in New York, although it is not unlikely that he will receive several such.

With our Next Week's Issue will be Presented

A SPECIAL 16pp. FURNITURE SUPPLEMENT,

in which the latest innovations and improvements in the world of furniture will be discussed by MR. EGAN MEW

FAMOUS IRISH HUNTS AT HOME

No. 1.—COUNTY GALWAY
(The Blazers)

(Written and Illustrated by Leonard Willoughby)

Mr. Norman Loder, the Master of the Galway "Blazers," who is retiring and taking over the Mastership of the Southdown

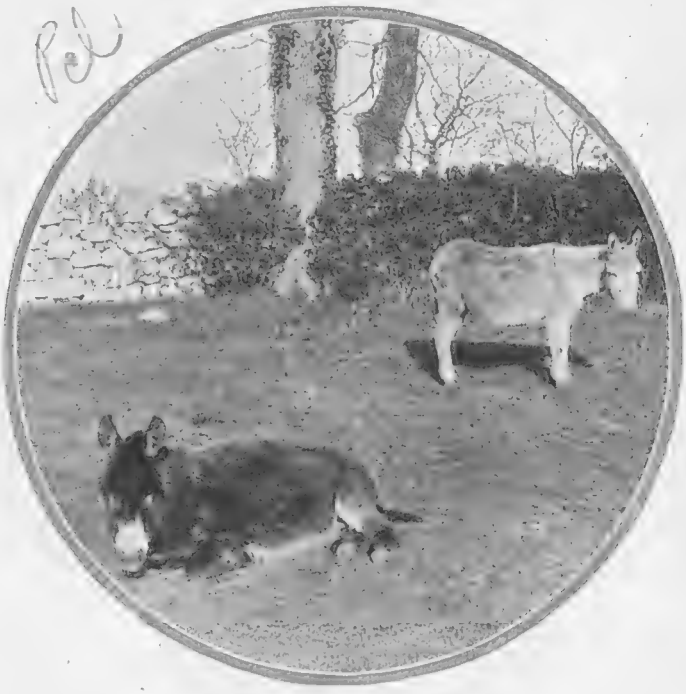
He is a fine rider and good huntsman, and has a charming personality

WHEN the Editor of THE BYSTANDER wisely decided that a fitting wind-up for the hunting season of 1910-11 would be a descriptive and illustrated article on some famous Irish Hunts, I selected a few which I thought of interest. These were the Galway "Blazers," the Duhallow, the Westmeath, the Meath, the Kildare, the Tipperary, and the East Kilkenny. As I passed from one Master to another I received such hospitality and kindness as can alone be found in Ireland. I made my way from Paddington by that super-excellent system, the G.W.R., *viâ* Fishguard, to Rosslare—a route I cannot too strongly recommend to those who wish to reach the South of Ireland quickly and in comfort.

The soubriquet of the County Galway Hunt was earned in the following way, so I am informed. About the year 1800 Giles Eyre, of Eyrecourt, who owned a pack of hounds, brought them on one occasion to hunt around Birr. A large party came with him, and they all put up at the hotel, where, in the evening, they got very inebriated. To add to their fun they went out and deliberately burnt the hotel down! Hence the name of "Blazers," owing to the conflagration they caused, and the name then earned has stuck to them for over one hundred years. The hounds to-day are the

Hounds at Exercise: The Master's House and Kennels in the Distance

property of the Hunt, and consist of fifty couples, most of which are bitches. They are quartered in substantial buildings at Craughwell, adjoining the Hunt stables and Master's house, which were built in 1891. They are serviceable, warm, and healthy, well-drained, and fairly roomy, though barely sufficient when all the young puppies come in from walk. There are three lodging-rooms, with good yards, and the feeding-room in the centre.



The Humble "Moke's" Last Uses

Donkey flesh is sometimes used for hounds' food in Ireland. These two unfortunate little fellows are awaiting their turn

In looking over the pack I noticed that the bitches are small and admirably adapted for the country they have to cross. Taking them as a whole, their shoulders are undeniably good, and this is a point to which Mr. Loder has been devoting his keenest attention, as the character of the country, with its stone walls, is such as to necessitate hounds being as near perfect as possible in this respect if they are to stand the continual jumping off these high walls. Among them are some very nice quality bitches, and the foundation of an exceedingly fine pack. It must be remembered that these are practically a new pack, and it is by no means easy for any Master to get together a perfect one in two seasons. Nevertheless, the pack is a good working one, and the bitches are very level.

Mr. Norman Loder, the popular Master, is leaving at the end of the season, and is taking over the Southdown in the place of Mr. V. P. Misa. What will undoubtedly be one Hunt's loss will be another's gain, as Mr. Loder is one of the keenest of Masters, and one who hunts the hounds himself. His knowledge of hunting is considerable, although he is still quite a young man. However, he entered early into the work, commencing by hunting the Eton Beagles and afterwards the Cambridge Draghounds. His experience with the "Blazers" has given the finishing touch, and now he knows as much about the work as most professional huntsmen. A good rider, a great lover of hounds, of cheery, bright disposition, and wisely tactful in his sayings and doings, he has shown himself to possess those qualities which go to the making of good huntsmen. The Southdown are, therefore, to be congratulated on having succeeded in getting so excellent a successor to Mr. Misa, and I predict that when he has had time to settle down in his Sussex quarters and get his pack right—as he assuredly will do—he will show the worthy Sussex people rare sport.

The "Blazer" fields are small, but the keenness makes up for the lack of numbers. A good many ladies come out and ride uncommonly well on horses suitable to this rock-strewn, stony country. The members generally support the Hunt generously and to the full extent of their means, while Mr. Shawe-Taylor, the hon. secretary, is a real hardworking secretary, and a thorough sportsman through and through. The "Blazer" country lies wholly in Co. Galway, and occupies an area of some thirty miles square, the kennels being in the centre. On the east the Hunt adjoins the Westmeath and the East Galway, and on the west it is bounded by Lough Corrib and Galway Bay. I shall, in next week's issue, touch on the Westmeath Hunt, a pack I am inclined to think is second to none in Ireland. And this, believe me, is very high praise.

A Galway Stone Wall: A Formidable Jump

The Pride of County Galway

Gone to Ground: Putting in the Terrier

The country is almost entirely grass, fenced with stone walls, and in some parts banks. There is not much woodland, and the foxes lie chiefly in enclosed gorse coverts. Some are found on boggy land, and certain dogs are devoted to driving them off this into coverts. Taking the country generally, it is a poor scenting one, owing to the farms being so heavily grazed by cattle and sheep. It is very flat and desolate, the enclosures small, which necessitates continuous jumping, and requires a useful, short-backed, compact horse, with powerful back and loins

The County Galway Hounds with their Master and Whips

When Mr. Loder took over the hounds he found most of them old ones, quite past work. These he had to get rid of and practically start a new pack, having only Mr. Vane's first-season hounds to commence on. They are now in their work very keen, good drawers, and get away quickly on the back of their fox. There are practically none of them over three-season hounds, and this, of course, is just the age when hounds are at their best and fastest. Thus it is that they have done remarkably well in the last two seasons

Which is the Gayest City in Europe? A

Photograph

THE FUN OF THE CARNIVAL AT ITS H

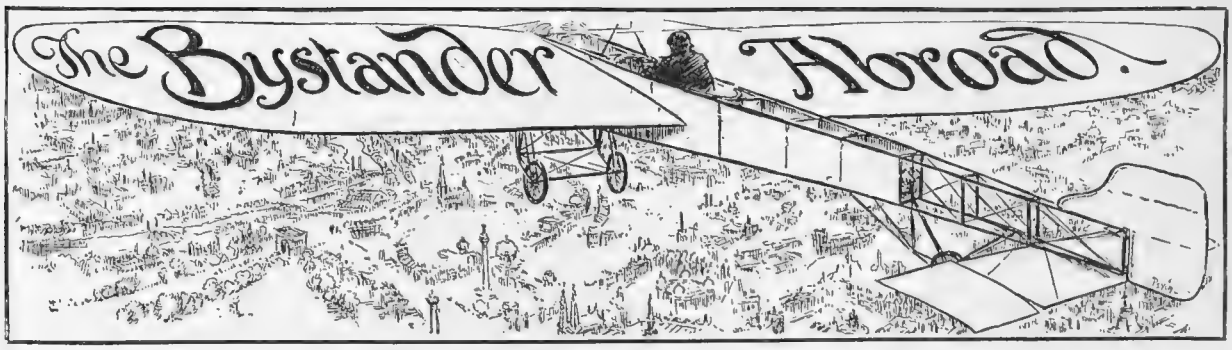
No one, in the course of the recent controversy as to which is the gayest city of Europe, has wielded a pen on behalf of Nice. Yet the Riviera resort, at this period of the year at any rate, is overwhelmed with a frolicsome spirit the like of which is never seen elsewhere. The gravest of English and Ge locals as if there were nothing more import When the skies are kind, and there has been

ctorial Application for the Honour from Nice

EIGHT IN THE PLACE MASSÉNA, NICE

H. W. Nicholls

man tourists unbend and maffick with the
st in the world than laughter and flirtation.
plenty of sunshine at Nice lately, the scene is enchantingly pretty. It is wise to wear Carnival dominos to protect one from the dust and confetti, and many of these useful cloaks will be seen in the photograph. On the right will be recognised His Jovial Majesty, Bibendum, familiar to students of our advertisement columns



PARIS TOPICS

From Our Own Correspondent

THE present political crisis in France is an interesting object-lesson in French politics. I wrote recently, after an interview with M. Briand himself, that his Ministry might fall any day. For a long time back the more extreme groups of the Chamber have been dissatisfied with the rather non-combative attitude of M. Briand towards the Church, and M. Combes, his old chief, was among the large minority who left the Prime Minister with only a majority of sixteen.

Those who wish to destroy party government in England should look at the French system and analyse the voting on the motion which M. Briand considers is sufficient to make government by himself impossible. In each group almost as many voted against as for him, showing that there is no organised system, and group leaders cannot count on their forces. The only one group out of eight which voted solid for Briand was the democratic left, which is quite the most moderate Republican group; the group which voted solid against him was the unified Socialists, to which Briand originally belonged. This alone would account for their unqualified hostility.

M. Antoine Monis

The Senator from Gironde, who has succeeded M. Briand as French Premier. M. Fallières' summons to him is a triumph for the Radical-Socialists, the Parliamentary party whose opposition laid low the Briand Cabinet. He is, politically, inoffensive to the majority in the French Chamber, and M. Fallières has certainly made a wise selection, if M. Monis is only to be a stop-gap. He is sixty-five years of age

Frenchmen have been pointing out all this of late to their British friends. They admire our system, and although the private Member in France has a power of action which is much greater than the private Member in England, French observers think the advantages of the British system of subservience to party leaders out of all proportion greater than the independence of the private Member.

M. Briand had a progressive policy of social reform which was, to a great extent, suggested by the policy of the present British Government, for whose achievements he has the deepest admiration. But French democratic opinion is still violently anti-Clerical. M. Briand thought that, the blow having been struck, it was time to allow the wound to heal. When he was carrying out the Combes policy it was remarked with what skill he managed to appear moderate, whilst the Bishops were made to appear almost *intransigeant*. It was owing to this semblance of moderation that he was able to carry through a policy which did not commend itself to more moderate Republicans.

The success of his diplomacy made his reputation and marked him out as a coming leader. It is, perhaps, his diplomacy again which leads him to resign in the nick of time. For although M. Briand resigns he does not resign defeated, and his majority is as good as many that have carried important measures in France. My impression is that M. Briand, resigning as he does with a majority and on a motion which does not affect his majority with reference to any particular measure, has shown that he has lost none of his Breton subtlety. "*Reculer pour mieux sauter*" is M. Briand's motto.

The French public has confidence in him as a man who, as the Americans say, is "all there." It is not he who will be caught napping, as M. Clemenceau was, and there is a big prize which will be "put up" in a couple of years which every French politician of the highest eminence will have in his mind's eye till M. Fallières' term of office expires. M. Briand may not consider it desirable to take office again till after that event, and his policy would probably now be to promote the formation of a strong Cabinet out of his own following, and *back it* for all he is worth.

The next Ministry will either be very short or very long. The French do not take very kindly to anything which increases the power of the public officials, who are so arrogant that everybody is glad when a Minister remains long enough in office to know his business and keep them in their places.

Pour Décourager les Autres!

A FEW WARNING PICTURES OF THE HAREM SKIRT IN FULL BLOOM

These snapshots should frighten Englishwomen once and for all out of the harem-skirt notion. They prove that women have, after all, two legs, a state of affairs which man has done his best to conceal for centuries, but they are so utterly unattractive that we plead guilty to publishing them solely for the purpose of exposing that physiological fact

THE BYSTANDER IN BERLIN

From Our Own Correspondent

BERLIN is winding up a lively season with more glow, glare, and glitter than she has heretofore known. It is the reflex of an exceptionally prosperous winter, for 1910-11 threatens a record for good trade and steady employment. Added to these is joy in the collapse of the detested Triple *Entente*. The factor of good business is important, because the business classes exclusively dominate the unofficial season. The Court, indeed, receives only a few ultra-rich bankers. But outside the Court, Berlin Society is largely Berlin finance and trade. The West End of this capital is packed with self-made business men from the provinces, while Herr Baron and Herr Graf vegetate in their country *châteaux*, and growl somnolently that beer and tobacco have gone up in price, and that corn—the devil take it—has gone down.

The sole flaw in a brilliant season has been the absence of the Crown Prince and Princess. Not until they departed did people realise that they are the most-loved personages in all the Empire. That is saying much, but it is true. The Kaiser, indeed, excites frantic loyalty in the limited class which feels solid with his aims and ambitions; but the depth here is gained at the expense of breadth. The broad masses, including all Socialists and the "Freisinn," are opposed to the Kaiser's aims, and regard his person without enthusiasm. "The man with the dimple"—"*der Mann mit dem Grubchen*"—as the Crown Prince is called (after Prince Buelow first had the title), is everyone's favourite. The Prince's assets are his eternal schoolboy smile, his weak, little, pathetic figure, his isolation from his father, and his preference for the non-military and non-political. In the last three he resembles the great Frederick before Frederick became King. But the first—the smile—is the richest asset. And the Crown Princess Cecilie is also beloved because of her smile and slight figure and dislike of bureaucrats and drill-sergeants.

The World's Longest Sausage: A Giant that makes the Hearts of Germans Rejoice

The New World Restaurant is at present the centre of attraction for all patriotic Germans in Berlin. There is exhibited a monster liver-sausage, which from end to end measures no less than three metres. This king of the sausage world defeated all rivals in a remarkable competition, beating the second prizewinner, also shown in the picture, by twenty centimetres

For the absence of these popular favourites the sole compensation is the increasing popularity of the eighteen-year-old Princess Victoria Louise. The Princess has grown to be uncommonly pretty—handsome is rather the word, for in the uniform of her Hussar regiment she resembles rather a good-looking boy. This year she has been everywhere, garbed in the favourite rose, which experts tell me ill-becomes her. She is uncommonly like her elder brother, and has his dimple and smile. The two—elder brother and only sister—are the most sympathetic members of the Kaiser's nursery. The others are nowhere. Eitel Friedrich is fat and dull, Oscar a bit of a prig, August Wilhelm somewhat colourless, while Adalbert and Joachim are so far unwritten pages.

The proceedings at the Schloss have this season been marked by redoubled prudish propriety and retrebled gorgeousness. The Kaiserin insists on both. Married women in search of a little harmless flirtation have had a bad time, for the Court balls have been arranged on principles of military discipline, and the wedded world has withdrawn from dancing altogether. In the shape of Fraülein Gasperini, of the Royal Opera, there has been a new mistress of ceremonies, who has arranged all dances in advance with stage-like precision. The last ball in the White Hall was rehearsed no fewer than three times, so that by the time the ball came on, the unmarried officers and girls, who practically alone danced, had grown stale, and looked somewhat bored. Alone the charming Victoria Louise danced with every good-looking warrior, and seemed to enjoy the drill-ground rehearsals quite as much as the ball itself.

The Kaiserin has blazed with jewels. She has added to her famous necklace another row of enormous pearls, and her "Fraüleins" and other fair satellites have blazed forth too. The Kaiserin holds that the scenic effect of a ballroom depends upon the sparkling of vari-coloured gems in all directions; you are expected, therefore, to arrive glittering like the Milky Way; and if your jewel-case is exhausted, you had better come in first-class paste.

Berlin's unofficial season, too, tends to glitter. Apart from this increase of show, the main new feature is the attempt of certain Rhineland and South German patriotic associations to turn the capital into a "*carneval*" city. This year, for the first time, we have had a "*carneval*" procession through the streets, organised by the West German "Alaaf" League. The Berliners have taken shyly to this innovation, and the rigid Police Prefect, Herr Jaegow, who is anything but like universal M. Lépine, has not yet decided whether merry-making processions should be dispersed with sabres or merely annihilated with Munich beer. That Berlin's impeccable streets should be desecrated with confetti while frivolous pierrots throw champagne corks at Herr Policeman's nose, hardly harmonises well with this Prussian citadel. Such things are as out of place as a palm-tree dumped down in an austere forest of pines.

A Pictorial Contrast from Berlin

GRAVITY—A RAILWAY SMASH: GAIETY—CHILDREN ON THE ICE

A Terrible Railway Accident Outside Berlin

Two suburban trains collided recently at the station of Baumschulenweg, near Berlin. Six persons were seriously and eleven slightly injured. Two carriages fell down the embankment

Juvenile Berliners on the Ice

Taking advantage of the recent sharp frost, the children of both plebeian and aristocrat have flocked to the ice on the open waters round and about Berlin. The youngsters revelled in the sport that the ice provides in a manner reminiscent of what we were wont to see in the London parks when it froze in England (A.D. when?)

THE BYSTANDER IN SOUTH AFRICA

OUR CORRESPONDENT VISITS THE FAMOUS DE BEERS MINES

ONE may cavil at the speed of the South African trains, but their comfort is undeniable. Vainly does one attempt to put pen to paper in a French *rapide*—the swaying is that of sea-craft, the noise like a roaring torrent; but on the C.S.A.R., tortuous and narrow-gauged though its track be, letter-writing is simple; even shaving practicable. The creature comforts of mankind are carefully considered, the prices moderate. You do not plank down a sovereign or two at a sleeping-berth office in the main street of your jumping-off city; you merely give the conductor half a crown to convert your day couch into a linen bed. You do not whistle for tea-baskets at Crewe. Tea on the veldt trains is served four times a day. I daresay you could get it brewed in the middle of the night if by accident you chanced to be awake. The chance absence of a luncheon-car does not imply empty stomachs. The conductor wires your needs to a convenient stopping-place, be it only an ironstone koppie protruding from a rolling plain, and there food and wine will be placed before you.

Kimberley, Looking North-West from the famous De Beers Diamond Mines

From which diamonds to the value of four millions are annually extracted. Our correspondent creditably refrained from enriching himself with a handful of specimens

OVER diamondiferous Kimberley the spirit of Cecil Rhodes still broods. The "Star of South Africa," most precious of gems excavated in the mines, may be valued at £25,000. To exhume the body of Rhodes from the Matoppos and breathe into it new life, men in this district would, I believe, renounce all the wealth of De Beers. Rhodes would never have tolerated Hertzogism, they will tell you at the Kimberley Club. He would never have allowed the English police guarding English farms to be reduced almost to a vanishing point. He would have dealt summarily with Hertzogism in the schools—the extinction of English teachers in the farm schools and their replacement by untrained Dutchmen. General Hertzog may be the finest administrator in the world, acting as he believes in the best interests of the Union. I can only note that his methods appear to have aroused bitter resentment among the English colonists, the men who have developed the country.

MEMORIES of the siege will never fade. I asked Captain Tyson, a director of De Beers, whether Rhodes was kind-hearted. He gave me almost a pitying look. "One day," he replied, "when our rations were getting low, Rhodes was seen to leave his room with a little bag. Now Rhodes never carried anything except the destiny of the country on his shoulders, and our curiosity was excited. 'Where are you going?' we asked. 'Hospital,' he answered. On arrival he asked for a certain captain—who had been shot in the leg. 'How ye getting on?' jerked out Rhodes, taking a seat by the bed. 'Heard you were sighing for butter'—and he produced a chunk from his bag. Rhodes had been round to a dozen men at the club, begging a scrap of this rare commodity from each man's allowance." I asked Captain Tyson, so intimately associated with Rhodes in many of his enterprises, what his motto was. "Anything but failure," he replied. It was so. Only Death conquered him.

DIAMONDS to the value of four millions sterling are extracted from Kimberley annually. Everything impresses you at the mines except the diamonds. Shaken by machines on to grease tables, over which dirty water is constantly passing, they have no lustre in their raw state, and even when seen in heaps of all sizes on the office counters it is impossible to think of Hatton Garden cheques. The temptation to pick up a handful of stones and go away a millionaire is stifled by the knowledge that I.D.B. is more rigorously suppressed here than anywhere. Passing envy is followed by wonder that minerals so plentiful and so cheaply extracted (the cost may roughly be given as 5*s.* 8*d.* per load and the yield 19*s.* 7*d.* per load) should be the coveted hall-mark of wealth and fashion. There is infinite more beauty in a wayside flower—until you see the cut diamond fashioned at Amsterdam. They have a box of finished diamonds at the Kimberley offices of De Beers. It is worth £3,000. No wonder wine flows at the club.

WHEN America shut its mouth over diamonds in 1908, the mines were closed down, and thousands of workers discharged. Public fancy governs the vast organisation of De Beers. Diamonds valued at 150 millions sterling have been exported from South Africa since O'Reilly, a passing trader, picked up a stone from the playthings of a Bushman's child and sold it for £500. But the whole business might, if fashion so decreed, produce an army of hunger-marchers.

A. W. M.

(Next week our Correspondent will continue his impressions by an article on Johannesburg.)

A Lovely Convalescent

Photograph *Fousham and Banfield*

MISS LILY ELSIE

The darling of the musical-comedy world, who has recently undergone an operation for appendicitis. She is making a good recovery, and will soon resume her part in "The Waltz Dream." The above photograph shows her as Franzi in that play at Daly's Theatre

Golf in a Golden Setting

Photograph *Sport and General*

ON THE GOLF COURSE AT CANNES: PLAYERS CROSSING THE FERRY FROM THE THIRD HOLE TO THE FOURTH TEE

The Cannes Golf Club was opened twenty years ago, one of its most enthusiastic promoters being the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, whose portrait appears on page 478. The Club is charmingly situated at Napoule, about five miles out of Cannes, and ten minutes' journey by rail. Besides the full eighteen-hole course there is a nine-hole course for ladies, and for sporting golf amid picturesque scenery these links are hard to beat

Bystander Short Story

Mrs. Rutland's Elopement

By FREDERICK FENN

MRS. RUTLAND was one of those people whose chief interest in life lay in fancying that she was unhappy. She felt that she ought to be pitied for having married John Rutland, and for having sacrificed the delights of London to become the sober wife of a substantial country gentleman and J.P. As a result, she spent her early married life in constant revolt against mental sobriety. John Rutland had an estate in Cheshire which he loved, and a small house in Mayfair which he tolerated. He was a lost soul in London, whereas to Bertha, his wife, the country was a stagnant place, only suited to the requirements of dumb animals. "After a few months in the country I feel that I am degenerating into a sort of sheep," she would tell her friends. "It's all very well for John to say that landowners ought to live on their land, but the house in Mayfair is freehold, and that is the bit of land I like to live on." So she lived there mostly, and John, in his quiet way, resented it keenly.

At periodic intervals he would make a pilgrimage to town and try and persuade her to take up her duties. He was patiently trying to understand this strange, erratic creature whom he had married. She was very fascinating. He knew that as well as a great many other men; but his idea of a wife was a woman who occupied a definite position on his estate. He had brought her down to Wolver Beeches when he had married her, and had thought to plant her there just as he might have planted a new beech in the avenue. In a general sort of way he had looked forward to teaching an heir to ride and shoot, just as his father had taught him. A place like Wolver required a wife in the same way as it required horses, guns, and keepers, and he liked to feel that one and all were in their proper places ready for use when required. Meanwhile, there was no heir, and what were you to do with a wife who did not see eye to eye on any of these matters, and who was never in her place when required? She refused to be regarded as merely an essential part of the live-stock about the place; so she merely made comet-like appearances at erratic intervals, and when she swooped off into space again poor harassed John pondered deeply over who or what could be the other focus in the parabolic orbit of his beloved. If only she could have appreciated his love of order, symmetry, and method, he would have been a happy man. It did not seem to him that he asked much of her, but to Bertha it seemed that he asked everything when he hinted that she should revolve quietly round her lord and master. She preferred her comet's path.

"Can you tell me any reason why I should not be happy?" she said to old Lady Benham, when that caustic soul came to call one day and ask her how long she intended remaining in town.

"My dear, I've no patience at all with women who expect to be happy. They only succeed in making everyone round them miserable."

"I don't make Bobby Douglas miserable," said Bertha, impishly.

"That young man," said Lady Benham, "had better marry some nice girl at once, or he'll come to grief."

"Poor Bobby! He'll probably find as soon as he has married a nice girl that she's the wrong one."

"At any rate, he'll be safe."

"I wonder," said Mrs. Rutland, and fell into a reverie.

"The great thing to realise is that men and women are not perfect."

"I seem to have heard something like that before."

"You need to hear it again. There's nothing so healthy as a good sound platitude. You've got some ridiculous idea into your head about wanting to be happy. It's time you realised that there isn't a man you could meet who wouldn't make you wretched if you gave him time; but, there, I suppose you'd be more miserable without a man to blame for making you unhappy. The only thing I say is, be careful. I've known you long enough to be able to warn you."

"I'm sure it's very nice of you."

"Your plain duty is to make John happy."

"I can't make anyone happy if I'm not happy myself," said Mrs. Rutland sweetly; "so the first thing for me to do is to find happiness." And then John Rutland himself came in. He had wandered up to town in the hope of bringing his wife back to Wolver, because he had heard rumours which had vaguely disquieted him about her name being rather prominently connected with that of this same Bobby Douglas.

The Hon. Robert Douglas was a younger son, with three thousand a year, which came to him from his mother, a motor-car, and a commission in the Lancers. He was a charming and chivalrous boy who cherished ideals about women, and about Mrs. Rutland in particular. He was genuinely sorry for her, because he was convinced that Rutland had no soul. "A decent chap enough in his way," he used to say, "but think of that poor little woman tied to a fellow who has no ideas beyond pigs and partridges." His way of bringing a little happiness into Mrs. Rutland's life was to lay a boyish devotion at her feet. Meanwhile, she apologised to herself for letting him fall in love with her by saying it was better for him than running after worthless women. Women are always

(All rights strictly reserved)

convinced that they know very much better than men precisely which women are worthless.

When John came in Lady Benham took her leave. She liked giving advice to married couples when she had them apart, "but to tackle them together," she would say, "was as dangerous as interfering in a street row between husband and wife."

John Rutland did not show at his best in the little Mayfair drawing-room. He was at his best with a horse or a gun, and his ponderous efforts not to talk about the subject that was uppermost in his mind only irritated Bertha at a time when she was all nerves. There are few things more irritating to a sensitive person than to have someone talking to you about one thing and keeping up an elaborate fiction that you don't know that they are thinking about something quite different. By way of a little light conversation he started telling Bertha how worried he was over a mangey fox. In the country a mangey fox is an important question. In a London drawing-room it is an impertinence. This particular beast had been seen to run across the lawn at Wolver Beeches, and its whereabouts was an important problem. The topic was a little too much for Bertha, and she became fractious.

"You surely haven't come up to town merely to talk about a disgusting animal?"

Rutland hesitated a moment, then blurted out:

"No; I came to say something about young Douglas."

"What about him?"

"Aren't you seeing a little too much of him? Of course, I don't know, but I've heard——"

"Oh!" said Bertha impetuously. "If only people would leave off talking! What have you heard? Mr. Douglas is only a friend of mine."

Then Rutland made his mistake.

"Come back to Wolver with me, Bertha, for a while," he said. "It's a good name, is Rutland. Don't let it get talked about. I know you don't mean any harm, but there's the harm being done all the same. What can people do else but talk when you are here alone all the time and I'm down there?"

"You're talking absolute nonsense. You've got hold of some absurd story, and are making yourself ridiculous."

"No, I'm not; but I know just this. There's no possible life for any woman apart from the man she has married. I won't interfere with you, but you've got to come back with me—just for a while, at any rate," he added doggedly.

"Do you really mean you are going to insist?"

"Yes, I'm going to insist. I think I've been a fool, but I'm not going to be a fool any longer. I ought never to have left you here for every confounded idler in town to come round and sympathise with you in your fancied grievances."

"I'm not coming back. It would kill me."

"Is it because you want to be away from me, or because of someone else, that you want to stay here?"

"Now you're insulting me!"

"By God," said Rutland, after a pause, "if I didn't care for you so much I'd like to let you go your length with Douglas or one of these fools, just so that you might learn what it would be like when he grew tired of you."

"How do you know," said Bertha, white now and desperate, "that I haven't found out already?"

"You don't mean me to believe that!"

"Believe what you like. Now, have you anything more to say?"

"Yes. You come to Wolver to-day."

"I won't."

"Then I shall stay in town. Look here; we won't have any scenes. We both might say things we'd be sorry for. I'm going out now, but I shall be back to dinner. Then perhaps we can talk things over quietly."

He hesitated a moment, and then went out quietly and stolidly.

Once alone, Bertha gave way to her impotent wrath. Fully conscious that she was in the wrong, she yet raged at the circumstances which prevented her doing anything. Her very helplessness created a wild desire to show that she was not helpless. It was so intolerable that she could do nothing without putting herself in the wrong, and yet her husband's trust in her created an insane longing to show him that she was not to be trusted. Such is the irrationality of human nature that nothing at times is more irritating than the knowledge that someone is absolutely confident as to your line of action. You know that they are, or ought to be, right in their belief, but the temptation to show them that they are wrong is well-nigh irresistible. So it was with Bertha Rutland. Like an impish child, she wanted to show John how naughty she could be, and in a very short time she had worked herself into a state of mind in which she honestly felt that nothing would ever induce her to meet her husband again.

That was her dangerous state of mind when Robert Douglas called round in his car to see if she would come for a ride. She had been crying, that was obvious, and when a pretty young married woman has been crying who is there likely to have caused the tears but the brutal husband? Bobby Douglas's heart burned with wrath against the brute, the while he longed to kiss the tear-stained face. He was a modest boy in his way, and did not know how easily he might have done so, or that there is a moment in every woman's life when she will forgive you for kissing her, no matter how reprehensible your action may be.

He made an effort to ignore her agitation and be cheerful and natural, but it was the woman who struck the keynote of their conversation. After a few words she looked at him strangely, with a touch of excitement that was half-shyness and half-daring, in her eyes. It was only too plain that some mad impulse had been born in her brain.

"Bobby," she said impulsively, "you do care for me really, don't you?"

"I love you," said the boy, "and you know it."

"Then will you do something for me—something tremendous?"

"There isn't anything I wouldn't be the proudest man on earth to do for you."

"Then take me away—now, this minute. I am utterly miserable, and I can't stay here. Take me right away."

And then Bobby, flushed with excitement and wonder, kissed her with something of awe, for she was still a goddess to him, though she had stepped down from her pedestal. Ten minutes later the big six-cylinder was humming down Piccadilly with Bobby at

(Continued on page 504)

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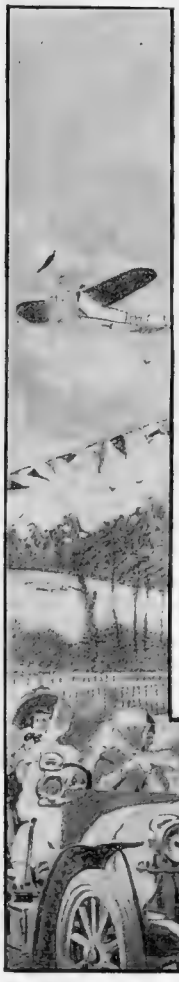

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(Continued from page 502)

the wheel, his mouth set, and a light in his eyes, looking as though he would carry his prize to the end of the world, and make it awkward for anyone who tried to baulk him. The delights of the chase are great, but the simple old primitive sport of carrying off the woman of your choice is the most exhilarating game in the world.

This, therefore, was the manner of Mrs. Rutland's elopement.

. . . . . .

They ran through to Oxford, and then dined at Dorchester, where the resources of a small hotel were severely taxed by Douglas, who thought the best of everything not good enough for his lady. It pleased him that they were obviously taken for a honeymoon couple, and he thought Bertha had never looked more beautiful than when she sat opposite to him at dinner, playing with a glass of champagne. The swift run had been invigorating, and had given her a colour, but at the same time it had cleared her brain, and though she laughed and talked excitedly and nervously, she, equally with Douglas, was wrestling with a strange undercurrent of thought. She was speculating how to explain to this boy what she had in her head, while Douglas, now that a wild dream had become a reality, was wondering what he should do with this wonderful creature who had so unexpectedly tumbled into his hands. Where should he take her next? What clothes would she want? What should they call themselves? A wild romance is a fascinating thing, but it is strange how it gets mixed up with sordid realities. He need not have worried, though. The woman's more practical mind had settled everything, and it was Bertha who opened the game where he was far too shy to make the first move.

"Bobby," she said suddenly, "I am very fond of you, and I do believe that you love me; but I don't love you; that's the pity of it. It's best to tell you this quite frankly."

The boy winced a little, but sat tight.

"Don't you think you might in time?"

"Oh, it isn't that. I'm not being fair to you. I asked you if you'd do something for me, and, of course, you said you would. I knew you would; but you didn't quite know what it was."

Bobby Douglas filled his glass and drank it off thoughtfully before replying.

"I thought it meant this."

"Yes, but you don't know what this means—yet."

"Of course, if you say that—well, then, I am a bit in the dark. All that I know is that I love you, and have loved you since first I saw you, and when you said 'Take me away,' it seemed all right."

"It might be if I really loved you, but I don't. It sounds horrid to say it, because you've been so very good to me; but you mustn't mind. We've been such good friends. You found me this afternoon when I was very miserable, and I thought I saw a way of getting free and being happy. I thought if we came away like this, and you were to leave me somewhere down in the country, and perhaps not go back at once, appearances might be so much against me that John could divorce me." She paused with a heightened colour.

"And then would you marry me?" said Douglas slowly.

"I don't think so; and that's why, as I said, I'm not being fair to you. I'm very fond of you, but that isn't enough, and besides"—and a gleam of laughter came into her almost tearful eyes—"I don't think I really want to spring straight out of one marriage into another. Don't you see? I've been so unhappy that I should like to be just myself for a little while. Everybody seems to think that the only cure for unhappiness is marriage, even if the unhappiness comes of marriage. Don't you see?"

"I see," said Douglas dully. "What do you want me to do? You know I'll do anything—anything. Do you want me to go at once? But you know I can't leave you quite like this, all alone, with no one to take care of you."

"But *you* can't take care of me; that's just it."

"You won't let me." He got up from the dinner-table, on which a cloud had now settled, and walked to the window, struggling with a problem which was far beyond him. He had foreseen difficulties, but not such a sudden collapse of romance; and yet all his decent instincts told him that he had to shield this woman in any way that seemed best to her.

Mrs. Rutland hesitated a moment, and then came over to him, half-laughing and half-crying.

"I know I'm impossible, and I see I've made a ridiculous muddle of everything; but I didn't see how unfair it would be to you. Don't men—some men—think it rather a feather in their caps to be talked of in connection with a married woman?"

"I'm not one of them," said Bobby.

"I thought it would only mean that you were looked upon as a sort of Don Juan, and I know I've heard that men liked that kind of thing. Don't they talk about it in their clubs, and compare notes?"

"Not in my clubs."

"You don't mean to say that it will do you any harm?"

"I hadn't thought about that. The only thing I had thought about was that I loved you and wanted to make you happy, and I thought you were going to let me try; but I was foolish ever to imagine that you could really think of taking up with a fool like me. However, that's all done with. I see what you want, and I'm going to help you." He pulled himself together with an effort, and faced her, smiling. "Now, what's the best thing to be done? Suppose you stay here to-night and to-morrow morning I'll come round and pick you up in the car, and we'll go down to the coast and over to Boulogne or Paris. Then I'll disappear for a while. Rutland can think what he likes. How's that?"

"It won't do," said Bertha Rutland slowly.

"Then you say what you would like."

"Could you take me back to-night?"

"Back to Bruton Street?"

"Yes. Is it too far in the dark?"

Douglas looked at his watch. "It's not too far," he said dubiously. "And, of course, the dark is nothing; but we might not get there until two in the morning."

"It never matters what time you get back in a car," said Bertha, with a faint smile. "You can always say it broke down."

"Do you really mean I'm to take you back—home?"

"Yes—please. I've only been thinking of myself; I see that now. It was a mad impulse on my part, and I didn't stop to see quite what it meant for you,

Continued on page 506

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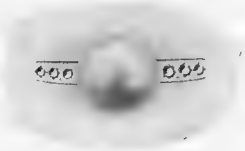

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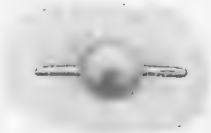

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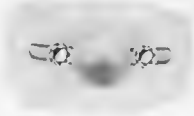

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MATCHLESS for the COMPLEXION

(Continued from page 504)

and how unfair it would be. I've got to take care of you, not you take care of me; that's the difference."

"Oh, that's all nonsense," said Bobby. "I can take care of myself."

"No, you can't. You're not going to begin your life by being talked about with a married woman. It wouldn't be fair to the girl you'll marry some day. It isn't as if we could ever marry. You promised me you'd do anything I wanted. Take me back. That's what I want."

Without a word Bobby Douglas went out into the yard, and in a few minutes the big car was round at the hotel entrance.

In silence they both got into it and started back through the night.

Very little was said throughout that long midnight drive. All the wild exhilaration and excitement of the afternoon was gone, and yet in a way they seemed in closer sympathy than before. With two people who have gone through a great danger together, no matter whether physical or spiritual, the effect is just the same. Some little veil between them has been torn down, and their relations can never be quite the same again. So in those hours they seemed very intimate, though little was said. The air was charged with emotion, but even had Mrs. Rutland wished to talk it is not easy to be conversational with a man who is driving a powerful car at high speed down dark roads.

The only time they had a few words was when coming through Maidenhead the ignition went wrong, and Douglas got out to attend to it. Before taking his seat again he came round to Bertha to see if she was properly wrapped up and warm enough.

"I think you have behaved beautifully," she said, putting out her hand. "I shall always remember."

Bobby took her hand and held it a minute, and then laughed. "Do you?" he said. "I'm not so sure that I haven't been the biggest fool on earth."

"Why?"

"In giving you up. Do you know what I felt when we were coming away? That you were mine. That I had carried you off, and that nothing on the road was fast enough to overtake us. I wasn't thinking much about whether you loved me. Don't you know there's a certain savage joy in power, and I felt I had you in my power. I remember reading about some old ancient chaps who carried off the women they wanted, and in time the women came to care about them, and wouldn't go back; and now—well, I had my chance, and I'm giving you up."

It was a long speech for Bobby Douglas, and at the end of it he stood gently polishing with his glove one of the big brass lamps, the light from which cut the darkness before them.

"And I'm giving you up," said Mrs. Rutland. "It's much harder to give up than to take, but you've done me good, and I'm very grateful."

He looked up at her, and she bent over him and kissed him. "That means good-bye."

"It isn't good-bye for another hour."

"Yes, it is. When we get home John will be waiting for me."

John was waiting when they drove up to the house in Bruton Street—waiting on the steps in an agony of suspense—and the look of relief that came over his white and drawn face as he met them was a thing that neither of them ever forgot.

"I made Mr. Douglas take me for a long run," said Bertha, "and we got stuck at Dorchester."

"You're all right, though?"

"Oh, yes."

"Thank God!" said John Rutland quietly, as he handed her out of the car. "Won't you come in and have something?" and he turned to Douglas.

"No, thank you," said Bobby; "it's a bit too late. I'm so sorry you've been worried."

Bertha turned to Douglas before going into the house.

"Good-night. It wasn't your fault. It was a beautiful ride."

"Good-night," said Bobby. Both men watched her as she went up the steps to the open door, and then Douglas glanced at Rutland. "You know, I was so occupied with other things I'm afraid I didn't think much about you."

"You've brought her back safe. That's all that matters. Sure you won't come in?"

"Quite sure." Even then Rutland lingered a minute. "What can you get out of that car?"

"Fifty or sixty on the road. A hundred on a course."

"You know if ever you care to come down and see us at Wolver I'd be very pleased, and so would Bertha. I'm afraid she's a bit dull down there. There's pretty good shooting and fishing, if you care for that."

"I'm going abroad for a while," said Douglas, "but thanks awfully all the same. Now I'll be moving. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

The car moved off, and Rutland entered the house, to find Bertha sitting in the hall.

"That's a nice boy," he said. "I like his face."

"Yes, he is nice," said Bertha.

There was a pause. Then Rutland spoke again. "I suppose you don't know what I've been through these last hours?"

"Nor you quite what I have."

"I thought at one time you'd gone off with him. You mustn't be hard on me. All that time alone, and not knowing anything——"

"Supposing I had?"

"I think it would have killed me."

For one moment Bertha Rutland hesitated, and then the truth came out with a rush.

"I so nearly did. I meant to, and then I couldn't; but it wasn't so much on your account as his. Don't reproach me. Don't say anything, but just kiss me. I didn't know you cared so much; but I want to come down to Wolver with you. I'm tired of London. Will you take me, or don't you want to now?"

"Want you!"

"I've been so restless lately. I couldn't help it; but it's going to be different really, and—I know what you want. I think it may happen."

John Rutland took her in his arms and kissed her while she cried.

"You dear, impossible witch!" he said, and then laughed. "Poor Douglas!"

"Yes, but you won't ever say anything to him, or be hard on him, will you? He behaved beautifully."

"Hard on him! I'm grateful to him. I think he's brought you back to me."

FREDERICK FENN

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The Literary Log

Rolled by Robert Ross

"Attitudes and Avowals"

I have been accused, most unjustly, of praising my friends overmuch. I begin the Log this week, therefore, by recommending *Attitudes and Avowals*, by Richard Le Gallienne (John Lane : 5*s*.). Mr. Le Gallienne is not an enemy, but he certainly is not a friend. Some time ago, by the courtesy of the Editor of the *Times*, I was permitted to make a protest against a certain "attitude" and a certain "avowal" of this author. He replied. I attacked again. As I was in the right I have no grievance in the matter. But I must admit that I promised myself a good deal of pleasure over reviewing Mr. Le Gallienne's next book. Alas! though I would like to adopt the attitude of "The Merciful Knight" immortalised by Burne-Jones and wear hereafter a little aureole, I am disqualified. The merciful knight (whose name was St. Giovanni Gualberto, by the way) did not take any fancy to his enemy, otherwise he would not have been canonised. He resisted the temptation of retaliation. There has been no such temptation in my case. I am enchanted with *Attitudes and Avowals*, and again delighted, as I always am, with the easy, unpedantic prose style of Mr. Le Gallienne. A pleasanter book of essays you could hardly find. They touch seriously or lightly on a variety of subjects—"The Profession of Poet," "The Laurel of Gossip," "Books as Doctors." And if you read essays of any kind (most people only read novels) you will not only be charmed for the moment, but you will remember some of the excellent little aphorisms, such as "Minor stories for minor prophets in a day of small things." The second portion of the volume is taken up with some admirable criticism. With much of it I entirely disagree, but that makes it all the more stimulating. How much better to speak well and write well about the wrong things than to write well and speak evil of the right things. "How sad and chap-fallen old criticism has a way of looking, and how pitiably silly," says Mr. Le Gallienne. Well, I don't think the author need be nervous about his own attitude. And as he was always careful of his personal appearance, the future looks bright for him.

A Portrait of Richard Le Gallienne, by P. Wilson Steer

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Tennyson

Just now, if you want to be in the movement, you must look glum at the mention of Tennyson, of whom you must also write in a vein of studied pessimism about the Victorian age. The *Idylls of the King* you must regard with the same disfavour that you cast on the antimacassar, the horsehair sofa, the what-nots, and the wax flowers of the period. I like Mr. Le Gallienne for speaking out "loud and bold" in the praise of someone who is out of fashion. "Only Keats may surpass him in beauty, only Coleridge in wizardry, and none but Shakespeare can match him at a simple heart-broken song." I wish he had not dragged in Shakespeare, but I agree entirely with the spirit and intention of the praise. By the way, Mr. Le Gallienne makes a slip in saying that the wonderful line, "God made himself an awful rose of dawn," comes from the *Idylls of the King*. It is the last line in *The Vision of Sin*. But I am Victorian and Tennysonian with Mr. Le Gallienne.

More Avowals

Then I cannot sit with him on the horsehair sofa of Meredith, though all he says for the upholstery is excellent. "The appreciation of Meredith is largely a fortunate accident of temperament." "The conservative academic type of mind," he suggests, "reads him with impatience." I am neither conservative nor academic; but other types can be impatient! Then Mr. Le Gallienne is discreet about his enthusiasm, and points out that Carlyle, Browning, and Meredith were "moulders of the spiritual aspiration of their time rather than enduring voices of the eternal meanings." How admirable that is. Yet when he says, "Meredith was a pagan in the best sense of the word," I think he errs, and that other Meredithians would agree with me. Meredith was too much of a propagandist to be a pagan.

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Swinburne was a much better imitation of the real thing, and he was only an inverted Calvinist. The poor pagans are made responsible for a good deal. There were no horsehair sofas on the banks of the Illissos. Mr. Le Gallienne is again wrong about Poe and Hawthorne. He has missed the quality of the former when he talks of the "mechanical invention" and the "detective brilliancy" of the tales. They are mere side-issues of ingenuity. The praise of Stephen Phillips is exaggerated; but, then, Mr. Le Gallienne is a poet himself, and poets, like public-houses, ought to have a special licence. Let me drink at the sign of *Attitudes and Avowals*.

"Mr. Robert Ross says"

Perhaps you will be surprised that I should write so much copy about one book of one publisher. The reasons are simple. Except Mr. John Lane and Mr. Martin Secker, the publishers never quote what I say. I give precedence, of course, to those who do. In spite of my old friendship with Mr. Methuen and Mr. Fisher Unwin and others, they never acknowledge the compliments I pay them. I am led to the sad conclusion that they think more of what the critics of Yorkshire dailies say than of my pronouncements in THE BYSTANDER. I must blackmail them. Unless they follow the example of Mr. John Lane and Mr. Martin Secker, who always advertise, "Mr. Robert Ross in THE BYSTANDER says . . ." I shall leave out their names and merely mention the author and the price of the book. I am determined to be on equal terms with the *Yorkshire Post*. I do not ask for advertisements in THE BYSTANDER, because that is not my department, though I should like to see a few publishers' names where the whisky notice generally comes. That there is some use in advertisement is proved by the fact that since I wrote for THE BYSTANDER I drink Lemco Milk regularly; I smoke Player's Navy Cut Cigarettes; I use Cyclax every morning; and I use Buchanan's for my terrier dogs. We are all doing well.

"Demeter's Daughter"

Mr. Eden Phillpotts's sombre *Demeter's Daughter* (Methuen: 6*s*.), treats of peasant life on Dartmoor. There is a high seriousness in the aim and scope of the story. Any humour is of a sardonic kind, and you are stimulated by the intellectual attitude of the author. There is an epic Tolstoy element in Alison Cleave, the heroine of this tragic but absorbing story. I scarcely see in her the Hellenism of Demeter, though her's "the large utterance of the earlier gods," as Keats says. There is, however, a noble simplicity and grandeur of conception in Alison Cleave and her family that is quite Greek in feeling. You don't find that quality either in peasants of real life or fiction quite so often as critics or painters would have us think.

ROBERT ROSS.

In *The Kingdom of Slender Swords*, Hallie Erminie Rives has written a powerful and passionate story of modern Japan. It is not only the Japan of the delicate fragrance of plum-blossom, but the nation of blood and fire. Many of the scenes are laid in the British Embassy of Tokyo whose secretary is the hero of the tale.

The Dahlia, Past & Present

The dahlia, apart from its beauty, is interesting as showing the trend of public taste. Introduced into this country in 1789 by the Marchioness of Bute, it had at first only single or very small double flowers. While the former were more or less neglected, the latter were gradually developed into great solid symmetrical heads, and for generations were grown in every garden. Within comparatively recent years, the cactus dahlias, with their twisted and less regular petals, appeared and soon began to displace the doubles, and they still occupy the first place, though the single are also popular. The brilliance and the wide range of colours are strong points in favour of the dahlia, and now that it is more varied in form and lighter and more graceful, it is nearly perfect. There is just one thing that it lacks—scent. And already we seem on the way to add that to its other attractions, for the seed of a scented dahlia is offered by several firms, and though the scent is neither very strong nor very distinctive, this variety may be the first step in a new departure. Some of the larger cactus varieties have one serious defect—they have such slender stalks that the flowers, instead of standing erect as they ought to do, hang downwards, not infrequently being hidden among the foliage. Such varieties should be avoided when a selection is made. During the present month tubers may be started in a cool greenhouse. They may be packed in boxes or else, if protected from heavy drip, merely placed under the stage. A little soil may be sprinkled over them, and every now and then they may be sprayed lightly, but that is the only attention they will require until they begin to grow. They should be planted out at the end of May or the beginning of June, according to the locality.

The Water-Garden

The water-garden, with its bridges and grottoes, is rapidly becoming as popular a feature as the rock-garden, and when the latter is losing some of its colour, the former is only beginning to reach its most beautiful stage, so the two supplement one another. The choice of plants is fairly large. For the banks, there are reeds, bamboos, pampas grass, gunneras, spiræas, irises (especially the magnificent Japanese irises), and many others; and for the water, there are the superb nymphæas in great richardias (in mild districts), callas and nuphars, to name but a few. When the plants are once established they generally give little trouble afterwards. In the neighbourhood of water growth is always luxuriant, and if foliage is more abundant than flowers, the masses of many different shades of green are remarkably effective. A plant that flowers long in such positions, quickly forming great patches of yellow, is the mimulus. It is quite hardy, and, though an alien, is a desirable one, and is now thoroughly acclimatised on the banks of many streams. The forget-me-not is also useful, and if something uncommon is wanted, a group of sarracenias (purpurea) may be grown in a sheltered corner.

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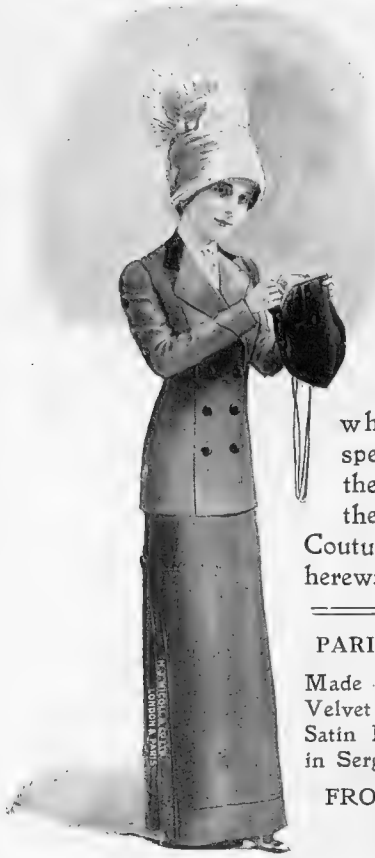

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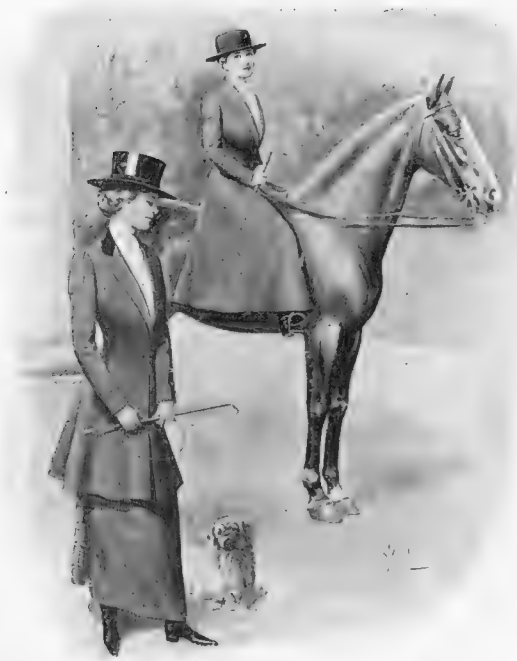

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GAMES and PASTIMES

The Hobble Jersey: A Frenchman Held While Taking a Pass

An incident in the Rugby match between France and Wales at Auteuil last week. Wales won by three placed goals (all scored in the second half) to *nil*

. Macmillan (on the right of the ·cture) Wins the Hundred in 10 1-5 sec.

The Sports at Cambridge

This issue of THE BYSTANDER goes to press too early to enable me to compare the results of the sports at the two 'Varsities, the Oxford sports being still *in futuro* as I write. I must, therefore, content myself with a few comments on what happened at Cambridge, where there were several performances which indicate that Oxford will have to be a pretty warm crowd if they are going to win at Queen's. We all know that Fenners is famous for fast (and sometimes fallacious) times, but it is evident that the President, P. J. Baker, and the Blue, D. Macmillan, are both running in even better form than last year, and will take a lot of beating at their distances. Macmillan won the sprint, beating his principal rival, H. R. Ragg (also a Blue), by 5yds. in 10 1-5th sec., and followed this up by doing the Quarter, in which he led from start to finish, inside 50 3-5th sec. Baker won the Half-Mile with 10yds. to spare, after making all the running for himself, in 1min. 58sec., and the Mile in 4min. 30 2-5th sec. The latter race was run on the first day, when the track was slow and the wind a bit troublesome, which, coupled with the fact that Baker came away in the last quarter and won as he liked, accounts for the moderate time. He can do better than that when pressed, and under favourable conditions. The High Jump produced a great struggle between the Blue, A. C. B. Bellerby, who won at Queen's two years ago, but could not compete last year, and H. A. Dubois, the Indian Freshman. They both did 5ft. 8in., and both failed three times at 5ft. 9in. They were then given another jump each, and this time Dubois got over. In the Long Jump, M. J. Susskind, the weight-putter, won with 21ft. 7½in., which Murray, the Blue, had he been fit, could hardly have beaten. Here, too, therefore, Cambridge appear

H. A. Dubois Wins the High Jump with 5 ft. 9 in.

GOOD PERFORMANCES IN THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY SPORTS

M. J. Susskind Wins the Long Jump with 21 ft. 7½in.

to be on velvet, while for the Three Miles they have in K. Hooper, a man who seems to knock off a few seconds every time he turns out.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

The Elusive Gaul

The French "Rugbymen" have again puzzled the critics. They began by beating Scotland; then they came over here and got a thorough scrunching from England; and now, playing at home again, they have held the redoubtable Welsh team up to half-time, and only had their line crossed thrice in the second half. The obvious thing to say, of course, is that the team which was beaten by England was far weaker than either of the other two which met Scotland and Wales, and, furthermore, that the Frenchman plays twice as well at home as he does abroad. Having said this I can only reiterate my previously expressed conviction that it is still impossible to take French Rugger quite seriously. An incident in the Welsh match confirms this view. The expiration of the customary interval at half-time found the Welshmen ready to proceed and waiting patiently for several of their rivals, who had left the arena to receive the compliments of their friends, relations, and admirers and "tell them all about it." At length, after some further delay, the Welsh captain, rightly thinking that the referee had been indulgent enough, insisted upon the game being restarted with two Frenchmen still off the field. Here was a fine opportunity for the display of Gallic ingenuity. At the first opportunity a Frenchman pretended to be hurt, and the game was stopped for a sufficient time to enable the missing men to come on before it was resumed. Antics of this kind are so hopelessly at variance with the spirit of the game that one can only laugh at them. The standard of French football is undoubtedly improving, but until its players learn to play the game in both senses of the phrase, nothing that they may achieve can really matter.

The 'Varsity Lacrosse Match: Lanctot, the Oxford Goal-keeper, Clearing

Cambridge won this match at Oxford last Thursday, contrary to expectation, by 8 goals to 3. Up to within a week of the match they were thought to be too "backward" to win, especially as Oxford had done particularly well in their trial games. But on the day Cambridge were the better twelve, both in attack and defence

GOLF. By ERNEST LEHMANN

American Sportsmanship

There has been a great deal of loose talk and writing on the subject of American sportsmanship. In my particular department the trouble has arisen through the controversy concerning the Schenectady putter. I am not going to stir up the ashes of that controversy. The warning of Horace, "*Incedis per ignes suppositos cineri doloso*," is too present to my mind. But there are one or two plain facts which require stating. I do not think I shall be contradicted if I declare that the *fons et origo* of the mallet legislation was the habit of a few players of putting from between their legs either with T-shaped iron putters or with clubs made on the pattern of a croquet mallet.

The Schenectady Trouble

Now the Schenectady was never used like a mallet club for putting between the legs, but invariably in the same manner as the ordinary wooden or iron putter. But as the shaft is inserted, not at the heel, but either in the centre or near the centre of the head, it obviously is not in conformity with what I will call the "heel" principle. Personally I have never been able to see the advantage of the "Schenectady" type. The Americans have, however, expressly excluded it from the mallet-barring rules, to the general tenour of which they have signified their adhesion, and it is, of course, open to doubt whether it was worth their while to retain it at the expense of a difference in legislation over one particular club between them and the ruling body.

A False Proposition

But to proceed to argue from this premiss to the proposition that our American cousins are animated by different conceptions of sportsmanship in games from those which inspire us is to do them a cruel and uncalled-for injustice. I was unfeignedly glad to read an eloquent and convincing testimony on this point from the pen of Mr. Horace Hutchinson in the *Daily Telegraph* a few weeks ago. He has lately been in America, and he protests against the idea that the American when he plays golf thinks more of winning than of the pure enjoyment of the game. As a matter of fact, he tells us, the American thinks, perhaps, less of the letter of the law and more of its spirit than is even the custom among ourselves. He has found them admirable and courteous opponents, and I feel sure that all who have had the pleasure of playing with Americans will agree with his opinion. The good American sportsman is very much like his English counterpart. The bad one is no worse than our bad specimen. I believe truly that the American Association in particular, and the American player in general, are both keenly desirous of maintaining all the best traditions of the game. Their interpretations and explanatory additions to our rules are probably felt to be necessary in a country where the game has only been played for about twenty years, but in the main the American player wishes to adhere to the St. Andrews traditions.

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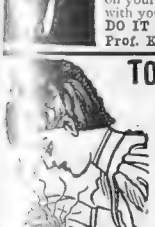

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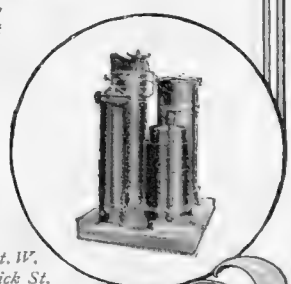

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Racing: The Grand Military. By CARBINE

Splendid Success

The rival attraction at Newbury a week earlier did not hurt the Grand Military Meeting a little bit. On the contrary, the Sandown Park gathering was a glorious success in every way. On both days the crush in enclosure and paddock was tremendous. The racing was good, the weather charming, the favourite won the Gold Cup, and everything was *couleur de rose*. Briefly, it was much the most enjoyable jumping meeting of the present season, and there is not the slightest fear of any diminution in its great popularity. A valued correspondent sends a very interesting article on the Grand Military. Unfortunately, it cannot be published here owing to exceptional demands upon space this week. He laments that the meeting has been shorn of one of its principal glories since the Army Council passed an edict prohibiting the maintenance of regimental coaches. I think we are all sorry to miss the picturesque muster of drags opposite the stands, but I fear these changes are inevitable. The same old enthusiasm on the part of the riders and their friends was there.

A Real Plucked 'Un

Mr. McCalmont's success in the big race was popular, for he is undoubtedly a "real plucked 'un." People say that his trainer, "Atty" Persse, only puts him up on the safest of conveyances, but that is stuff and nonsense. On Saturday Mr. McCalmont came a purler on Counterpoise, and it was good to see the plucky way he clung to the rein when on the ground, being dragged a dozen yards. Fortunately, he was not damaged, and walked back to the stands with a smile which could not have been broader if he had ridden the winner.

Lincoln and National

Both races look like being exceedingly open and interesting, the more so as in each case there will be a formidable competitor from France. What a score for our Gallic friends if they brought off this big double with Radis Rose and Lutteur III. My original double, Dalnacrag and Jerry M., is still as sound as ever, but I do own to being a trifle nervous of the Frenchmen. Next week I shall make my final selection for the Lincoln. The National Hunt Steeplechase, to be run on Wednesday at Cheltenham, is proverbially a dangerous race to meddle with, but I think **Our Philip** or **Carder** will win. The big handicap steeplechase on the following day may be taken by **Roman Candle.** The Hooton Park Hurdle Race should be won by **Herbert Vincent,** and the Great Cheshire Steeplechase by **Moonstruck.** Mr. Whitaker's selected should win the Trial Steeplechase on the first day at Kempton Park, and **Jock** the Spring Steeplechase on the second day.

"France Blue and Rose Stripes, White Cap"

Write for Mr. D. M. Gant's "Diary and Book of Rules for 1911." Nothing handier in the way of pocket-books could be imagined. The address is 41, New Bond Street—more extensive premises than Mr. Gant had before—and the penalty of an amazing success. Mr. Gant is conducting his commission agent business on the same liberal terms as of yore.

EUGEN SANDOW THE MAN MAKER

The MAN who MAKES MEN of MEN and WOMEN of WOMEN.

"All the world," says the poet, "loves a lover." And in equal truth may it be said all the world loves a man.

The characteristic most prized in a man is manliness. "And," said Mr. Sandow, when interviewed a few days ago by the writer at the Sandow Institute in St. James' Street, "manliness is but the fruit of the tree of health. Not, let it be understood, merely the strength of mighty muscles and thews of steel, but that all-round organic power which invariably distinguishes the manly man, and which at once makes him strong, magnanimous, bold, courageous, and gentle."

"I do not like people to describe me solely as a physical culturist," declared Mr. Sandow. "The phrase is far too limited. I regard physical culture only as a means to an end. I do, however, insist on the fact—the well-established fact—that there must be a physical basis of success."

Mr. Sandow informed me that many keen business and professional men and women are at present learning from him the invaluable art of regaining lost health, and that in his register of patients, besides the delicate children whose cases he undertakes, were inscribed the names of mercantile princes, of famous lawyers, doctors, clergymen, of great authors and authoresses, actors and actresses, and brain-workers of both sexes in almost every sphere of life.

Mr. Sandow's treatment is a wonderful treatment, because, while it does not include the taking of drugs or medicines, it is applicable to persons of all ages, to men and women, young, middle-aged, and elderly, and equally to children of tender years, and to almost all conditions.

"In inviting, as I have done, readers of THE BYSTANDER who are in ill-health or out of condition to come to my Institute and talk the trouble over, I realise, of course, that many may not be able to do so, because they live at a distance. But these may avail themselves of the advice I am open to give by writing to me.

"Certainly I do not give the treatment free," Mr. Sandow concluded, "but anyone can call for a personal consultation and advice without charge or obligation, and they will find the cost of treatment quite within their means; or, if they cannot call, I will send them one of my books and my written opinion free of charge and post paid."

I leave my readers now with Mr. Sandow's offer before them, with this advice—"Go, if you can, and see Mr. Sandow personally at his Institute, 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W. My experience has been that there is nothing like a personal visit to carry conviction or the reverse, but if you cannot possibly call, write to him."

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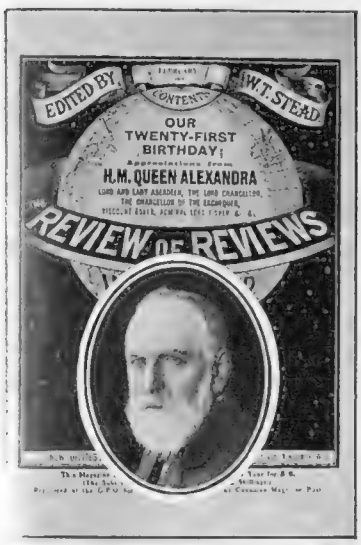

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in his article appearing in the February No. of *The Review of Reviews*, says:—

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in its first report said that of those who took Mr. Sandow's Treatment 94 out of every 100 were cured, and 99 out of every 100 substantially benefited in their health. After a lapse of three years, *Truth* says in a Foreward prefacing its Special Commissioner's second article:

"I am glad that whatever was said in *Truth* three years ago in praise of the Sandow system of treatment by means of physical exercise is endorsed and confirmed by this second inquiry after so long a period."

"JOHN BULL,"

in its article on the Sandow Treatment in the issue dated Feb. 18, 1911, says:—

"I am perfectly satisfied with Mr. Sandow and his methods. I am convinced that he is carrying on a good work in a proper manner. His methods are such as to give the public the best advice they can receive, and as far as the internal arrangements of his Institute are concerned, I can only say that it is to be wished there were many more concerns conducted on the excellent lines he has laid down."

His face beamed with pleasure as he drew my attention to the unique public testimonials of his work which had appeared within the last few weeks in the pages of three of London's leading publications—Mr. Labouchere's "Truth"; "The Review of Reviews," of which Mr. Stead is the editor and proprietor; and "John Bull," which is controlled and edited by Mr. Horatio Bottomley.

"I want you to issue on my behalf to every ailing man or woman who reads THE BYSTANDER my personal invitation to them to visit me here at my Institute."

At my request, Mr. Sandow specified cases which he invited; men and women who are martyrs to indigestion; chronic dyspeptics, sufferers from nervous disorders in their many forms, people to whom the hours of night are hours of dread, because, although tired in body and brain, they are unable to secure refreshing, strengthening sleep; others whose troubles are too numerous to mention.

A unique Library of Health Books which Mr. Sandow has recently produced at his own expense to give to all who suffer from any of the complaints with which they deal. A copy of any of these will be sent to any BYSTANDER reader who writes for it to Mr. Sandow, 32, St. James' Street, London, S.W., mentioning this paper, together with Mr. Sandow's opinion upon their case.

Sandow's Illustrated Health Library.

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12. Kidney Disorders: Functional and Chronic.
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The Bystander, March 8, 1911

THE BYSTANDER ILLUSTRATED

No. 379.—Vol. XXIX. Wednesday, March 8, 1911 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

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£2,500 WILL PURCHASE the above picturesque old-fashioned black and white FARMHOUSE, full of old oak beams and rafters, and standing in grounds of about

40 ACRES.

2 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, 3 attics; pretty garden and orchard; stabling for 6; cowsheds for 14; granary, etc.; the land is divided into about 20 acres of pasture and 20 acres of arable. Land Tax redeemed. —Full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.; New York and Winnipeg. (4,948)

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ELECTRIC LIGHT THROUGHOUT. COMPANY'S WATER. RADIATORS.

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£3,500, FREEHOLD, for the above artistic and comfortable RESIDENCE. It stands on gravel soil, in secluded grounds, with tennis lawn, fruit and vegetable gardens, etc.; 3 reception rooms, full-sized billiard room, 7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; electric light.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.; New York and Winnipeg. (4,761)

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ABOUT THE XVIITH CENTURY,

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TO BE SOLD.

The above fine old HOUSE, perfectly secluded in magnificently timbered old grounds with many specimen trees. The accommodation comprises: 5 reception rooms, about 22 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; excellent stabling and outbuildings, lodge and cottages; the grounds are quite the feature, and the variety and beauty of the timber is exceptional; there are fine old lawns, Dutch garden, rose garden, walled kitchen garden with glasshouses, etc., and parkland, in all about 70 acres.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.; New York and Winnipeg. (3,242)

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4 ACRES. 12 BEDROOMS. STABLING, ETC.

£3,250, FREEHOLD, for the above charming old GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, within a mile of a pleasant old market town. The situation is a bracing and cheerful one, and the House in excellent order and thoroughly up to date: lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.); stabling and farmery; finely timbered grounds, tennis lawn, paddock, and orchard, etc., in all 4 acres.—Full particulars of KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.; New York and Winnipeg. (4,824)

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£7,700 (OR OFFER) WILL PURCHASE a charming little FREEHOLD PROPERTY OF NEARLY 28 ACRES, in a favourite home county. It is situated ½ mile from a village with church, post and telegraph office, 2½ miles from station, and stands high, commanding lovely views, and in a particularly picturesque part of the country. Gentleman's modern Residence (see view above), stabling, and farm-buildings; small lawn and kitchen garden, and excellent grassland, intersected by small plantations. The land is undulating, and there are some conveniently placed ponds. Good society and hunting.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. Plan. (24,939)

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in a retired and rural situation. It stands well back from road, and is immune from motor-dust; nearly 300ft. above sea level: 3 reception rooms, 7 bedrooms, bath; grounds of about 2 acres; tennis lawn. To be SOLD at the reduced price of £1,750.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (23,737)

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1,400 ACRES OF GOOD ROUGH SHOOTING to be LET with the above picturesque old RESIDENCE (Unfurnished), approached by carriage drive with lodge at entrance. It contains: 4 reception rooms, 12 bedrooms, 4 attics, and bathroom, servants' hall, etc.; stabling for 6, and cottage; beautiful grounds and about 30 acres of grassland, walled kitchen garden; hunting with 2 packs. The Property is situated close to a station, on the M.Ry., 2 miles from a station on the G.W.R., and in a lovely district in the neighbourhood of the Cotswold.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,866)

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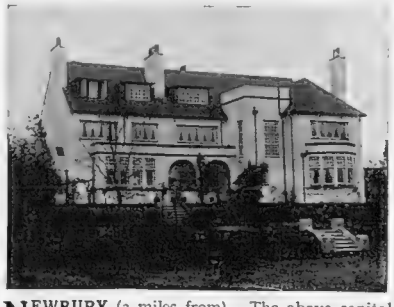
GOOD RY. MAIN LINE (in one of the best hunting centres in England).—For SALE, the above old-fashioned COUNTRY HOUSE and 6½ ACRES; 400ft. above sea, with good views: 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms, conservatory, hall, and offices; excellent water supply; modern drainage; stabling for 4 horses, groom's room; farmery and outbuildings; inexpensive but pretty pleasure grounds; lawn, shrubbery, kitchen garden, greenhouse, gardener's COTTAGE, and parklike PADDOCK. PRICE, £2,000.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,055)



NEWBURY (3 miles from).—The above capital COUNTRY HOUSE and 45 ACRES, to be SOLD at a moderate price, situated 300ft. above sea on a Southern slope; well-laid-out grounds, kitchen garden, ornamental woods, orchard and pasture-land: 12 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, hall, and offices; all modern improvements; electric light; stabling for 3, farmery, and good cottage.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (24,014)

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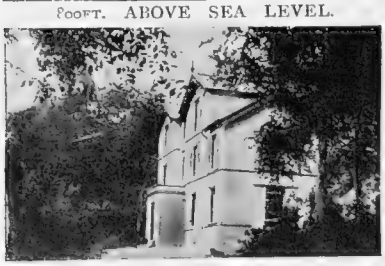

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2 tennis courts, walled kitchen garden, extensive wood, and meadow-land, in all about 150 acres.—Box K 4,689, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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TO BE SOLD, Freehold, a charming old-world RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of about 4 acres. Accommodation: entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, and good offices; gas and water laid on; stabling for 3 horses; delightful pleasure gardens, conservatory, summer-house, kitchen garden, and paddock; gardener's cottage; coachmen's cottages; golf course 1 mile.—Box K 4,800, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

A DELIGHTFUL WINTER HOUSE,
Facing South, and entirely sheltered from all North and East winds.

1¾ HOURS FOR LONDON.—To be LET, Furnished, a modern RESIDENCE,
OCCUPYING A DELIGHTFUL POSITION WITH UNINTERRUPTED VIEWS OF THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.
The accommodation comprises: lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, 16 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms, etc.; electric light and telephone; heated by hot-water radiators; Company's water; garage, and men's rooms; extremely beautiful pleasure grounds, richly timbered with a variety of ornamental trees and shrubs.—Box KF 1,728, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

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TOTAL AREA 27 ACRES.
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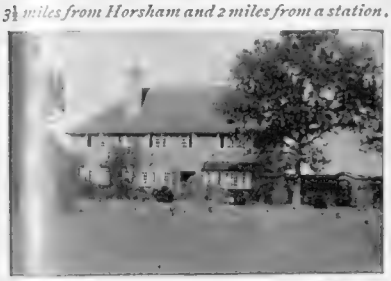

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4 reception rooms, billiard room, complete offices, 17 bed and dressing rooms, 5 bathrooms; stabling for 6; farmery; 2 lodges and cottage; grand old gardens and ornamental lake and park of 42 acres.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 100, Mount Street, London, W., and at Yeovil.

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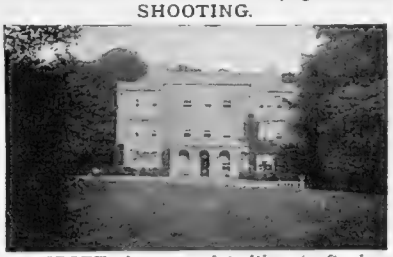

SOMERSET, *in a grand position, 600ft. above sea level, on the slopes of the Mendips, with splendid views.*
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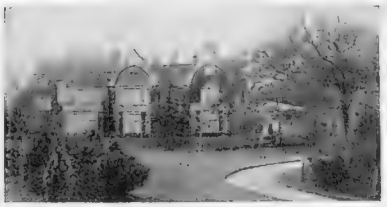

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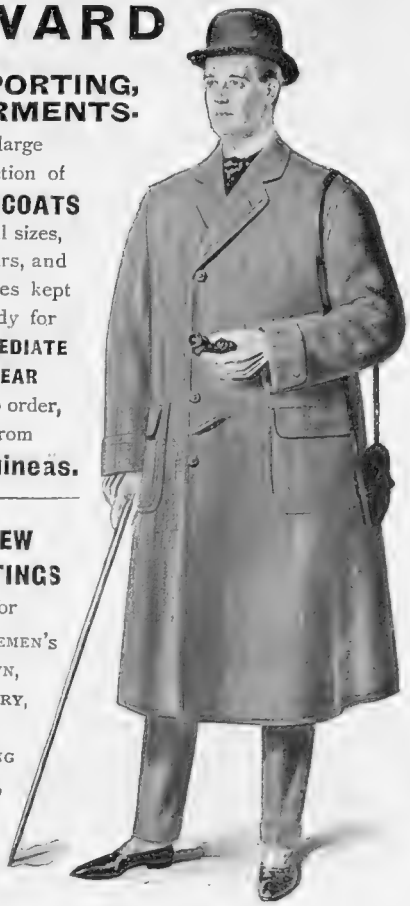

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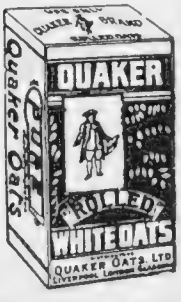

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The Awakening of the War Office

The new Air Battalion, superseding the existing Balloon School, comes into existence on April 1. The illustration is of the present Farnborough headquarters, dominated by the Clement-Bayard, Lebaudy, and Beta sheds. It also adequately indicates the importance officially attached to the dirigible. The future is nevertheless with the aeroplane

Air Armaments

At any rate, we can agree that "Air Battalion" sounds much less archaic than "Balloon School." We can go further without risk of controversy and affirm that at last the British Government has given a fairly substantial indication of its dawning appreciation of what has, to most people, and for quite a long time, been an obvious necessity. Some have even asserted that this latest Army order is merely another proof that those in authority have been keeping not only abreast, but actually in front of development—but they are official persons, and speak with the voice of a Government Department. If they will change the tense of their opinion from the past to the future, we can join our hope to their assurance, but as things stand they are supported by a plentiful lack of evidence. However, we may quite gladly allow even a Government Department to mount upon its dead self to higher and better things; and the fact that from April 1 next a battalion of 190 men will be in existence to undergo special training in the manipulation of air-craft for military purposes, is hereby entered upon the almost clean sheet which represents the credit side of the War Office ledger in this particular connection.

A Combination of Favourites

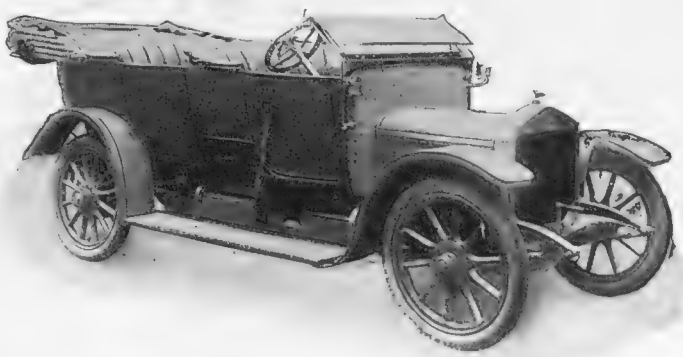
Miss Clarice Mayne, just back from America, in her new 15 h.-p. Austin Town Landaulette

In Order of Importance

The order reads: "The training and instruction of men in handling kites, balloons, aeroplanes, and other forms of air-craft will also devolve upon this battalion." I sincerely hope that is not the official order of importance. Neither kites nor balloons impress. Dirigibles grow daily of less importance. As a general proposition it may be affirmed that only the craft which is controllable by its pilot under all fair, and most adverse, conditions, matters. The occasions upon which kites, balloons, or dirigibles could be used to any advantage worth talking about in warfare are comparatively rare. We may have to keep on even terms with our friends across the Channel in the matter of the dirigible if for no other reason than that there is no one except ourselves to save us from our friends, and the dirigible might be, during the present early stages of aeroplane development, a possible aid to salvation. But even in Germany, where a great public zeal for Zeppelins served excellently to obscure official activities with aeroplanes, the dirigible is stagnant. Our own experiences leave us with little enthusiasm. We waited so long for our magnificent Clement that the populace was heartsick with deferred hope long before it arrived, while the mighty hangar on Wormwood Scrubbs grew as drearily familiar as the neighbouring prison. Since it arrived we have been for the most part waiting for it to do something. We come back, therefore, to the aeroplane. It carries all our hopes, and most of our fears, of aerial dominion. It is placed last in the Army order list, because, according to the Biblical order, the last shall be first. In charity let us assume that.

Sinews of War

What the Government is called upon to provide now are machines. It is well to organise a battalion. It is doubtless an excellent idea to recruit that battalion, if possible, from men who are under thirty, unmarried, in rank not more than captains, good sailors, foreign linguists, with a taste for mechanics, some previous experience of aeronautics, scaling under 11½st., and several other qualifications of that sort; but unless they have machines to practice upon they might as well be stout colonels with large families and no more language than a man may pick up during a long course of soldiering—language which is often foreign enough to us, I admit, and even more foreign to the foreigner! Please believe that I am desperately in earnest in this. The matter is urgent and of the highest national importance. It may soon be vastly more important than naval supremacy. The first aeroplane to achieve successful flight was a possible harbinger of black disaster. The first to fly above our war vessels emphasised the danger, so that the wayfaring man had to be something worse than a fool to escape seeing it. The danger may be still a great way off. It may never find concrete expression. I hope it never may. But it is in the air, and we have to deal with it steadily and adequately in anticipation, because it will be too late in the realisation. We are to have our air battalion, which is good. We have some money—not very much, but more than previously—earmarked for the training of that battalion, which is also good. But when I remember the proportion of the sum to be expended upon the renovation of a dirigible; and when I recall the views recently expressed at the Royal Aero Club dinner by the chief officer of the Balloon School; and when I remember the slow movement of the unimaginative official mind, I have large doubts of the adequate equipment of our air battalion. Let the dirigibles be maintained by all means, but not at the expense of the aeroplane. We, least of all, can afford to lag behind development.



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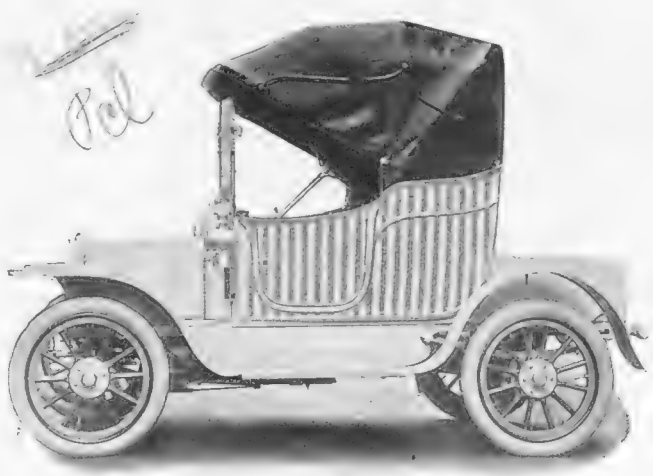
New Flying Fields

While upon aeronautics and matters thereto appertaining, the question of flying-grounds and schools is germane. In that connection I should like to make a reference to a new scheme of ambitious dimensions which is, I understand, upon the point of realisation at Lingfield, in Surrey. The rapidity of the growth of aviation in England calls first for grounds of ample size and suitable surface, and second for adequate means of instruction for potential flyers and those who would have their part in one of the departments of aerial service. Schools have already opened their doors in several parts of the country, and are serving their purpose well, but there is room and to spare for others yet, with a demand that justifies immediate action, and a prospect that should assure a very cheerful success. The promoters of the Lingfield project will have, at any rate, the first factor in success—a good ground. The proposal is to acquire an area of about 328 acres adjoining the station—a perfectly flat, open space, with a turf covering that will be quite familiar to anyone who knows the famous racecourse, which the site also adjoins. On a few yards of slope near the railway the sheds would be built, and a fine old ivy-covered house stands ready for conversion into a pupils' club-house, in addition to a number of other buildings easily convertible into workshops and garages. A sufficient number of machines and instructors would, of course, be kept for purposes of tuition.



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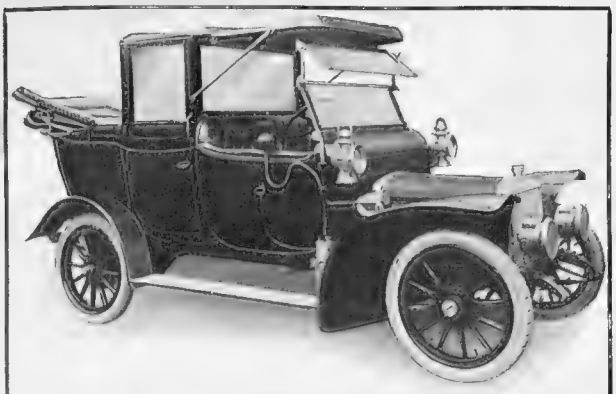

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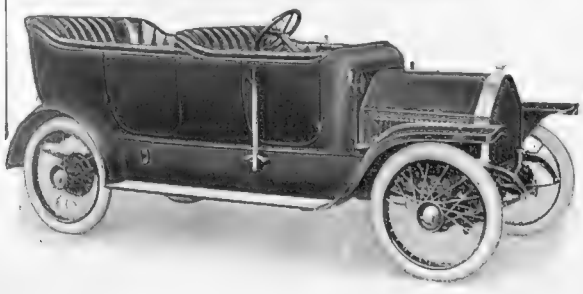

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121, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W

Frocks, Frills & Furbelows.

By MRS. JACK MAY

I AM considerably amused to find a trade contemporary printing an article that professes to put forth as a discovery that we have positively got creative powers of our own. It seems to me, also—and I speak by the book—that the very last fabric to be allowed to head the list of all-British-made fabric is silk. We can produce silks, it is true, and very beautiful silks, but we cannot produce them at the low Continental rates.

Light and Weird-Coloured Tweed Costumes

Pending indulgence in the more extravagant tailor-mades of plain and patterned *foulard*, striped satins, silk serges, and satin cashmere—the list is quite bewilderingly long—the new tweed suits are proving the *pièce de résistance* of the moment. And provided they are sought under the right auspices, they will be found to be of exceptionally attractive character. There is a tendency to Cheviot effects or, perhaps, pin-line—self-toned stripes would be the better description.

The new shades are most original, and include a yellow verging on canary, but exquisitely tempered by a sort of grey bloom, a Chartreuse green being similarly rendered. A suit built of the first-named was perfectly simple, the smart hip-length coat merely relieved by a facing to the collar of Japan-blue Shantung.

I encountered this costume in company with many others of a like calibre at a private show last week, presided over by one of our most inspired *couturières*. A three-piece costume before which everyone succumbed was of fine navy serge, the coat thrown back by long lapels of Paisley satin, veiled in blue *ninon*, the Paisley being continued throughout as a lining, and requisitioned, moreover, for the accompanying blouse, together with the *ninon* veiling. The suit complete was quite one of the prettiest I have seen this season.

A Simple Shopping Suit

Which would carry out charmingly in one of the new tweeds, in either a cinnamon shade or that effective *verte d'herbe*, the facings and buttons of black satin, and pleated *jabot* of exceedingly fine and costly handkerchief lawn. For the simple shady hat, black Tagal would probably be selected, with hand-made silk flowers, in dull old-world shades

(Sketched by Dorothy Millar)

A Lovely Evening Frock

There were, too, a host of the loveliest evening frocks, both with and without trains, and a number of the daintiest little dresses that might be used equally for fête or restaurant wear. One of these was of satin *charmeuse*, in the tenderest shade of pink, the satin looking exactly as though a length had been flung carelessly twice round the figure to effect the *mouvement* of a tunic, the ends finishing in fronts at uneven heights, held by small clusters of hand-made satin flowers. The corsage, with the favourite "high low" neck, was of soft white lace, the merest wisp of a thing, on which narrow folds of the satin were introduced. A most original effect, again, was wrought with a tunic of black *ninon*, mounted over an under-dress of white satin.

A particularly seductive little gown of black satin cashmere, the slim skirt corded high about the figure, was relieved by the merest *soupçon* of Persian embroidery, run along the line of the shoulders and around the scooped-out top. On several of the most recent models I have noticed a curious sort of elastic webbing, woven in Eastern-coloured stripes, employed as a finish to these collarless bodices, this falling automatically into position, and always remaining

"CYCLAX" SKIN REMEDIES

ABBREVIATED LIST OF "CYCLAX" REMEDIES

"CYCLAX" SKIN FOOD.—Nutritive and Emollient. Refreshes and nourishes the Skin as water does the plant. Price **7/6** and **4/-**.

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THE "CYCLAX" CHIN-STRAP.—For the treatment of the Skin and Muscles of the Throat. Removes flabbiness under the Chin. Price **6/6**.

"CYCLAX" THROAT LOTION.—Is specially compounded to be used with the above device, and never fails to restore the contour of the Face. Price **7/6**.

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THE SECRET OF THE PERFECT COMPLEXIONS OF THE NOTED BEAUTIES OF THE DAY IS NOW DISCLOSED & THE REMARKABLE PREPARATIONS WHICH HAVE PRODUCED & RETAINED THESE EXTRAORDINARY RESULTS ARE AT LAST OBTAINABLE BY THE GENERAL PUBLIC ALTHOUGH FOR YEARS THEY HAVE BEEN EXCLUSIVELY SUPPLIED BY A SPECIALIST SOLELY TO HER PRIVATE PATIENTS.

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"CYCLAX" HAIR STIMULANT.—Most reliable and effective. Immediately stops falling hair, restores it to its natural colour, stimulates the scalp, and gives the gloss of youth to the hair. Price **7 6** and **4/-**.

"CYCLAX" EYE LOTION.—Relieves strain. Clears and brightens the Eyes, and strengthens the sight. Perfect tonic. Price **6/6**.

"CYCLAX" TRANSFORMING LOTION.—Most excellent protective agent, which imparts lovely transparent whiteness to the Skin. Price **6 6** and **3/6**.

"CYCLAX" BRACEINE.—Magnificent tonic; Rejuvenates the muscles. Price **7/6** and **4/-**.

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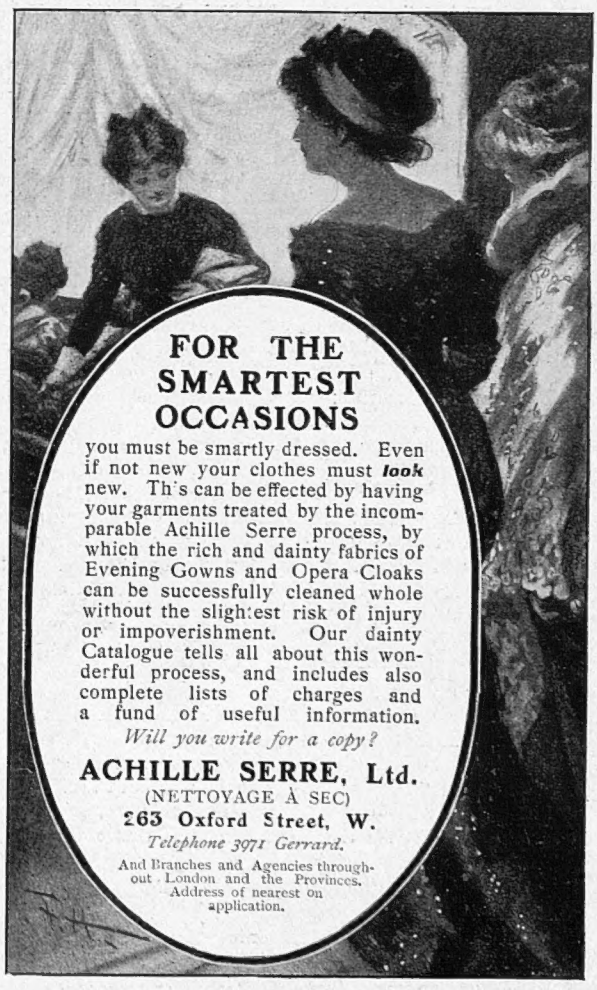
Ask your Draper or Hosier to show you the New Season's Patterns of LILAINE, also Garments made from the LILAINE fabric, such as Blouses, Nightdresses, Men's Pyjamas, etc., and Ladies' and Gentlemen's Underwear made from the LILAINE yarn. If he does not stock LILAINE write to:

LILAINE Regd. 63 & 64, FRIDAY ST., LONDON, E.C.



FOR THE SMARTEST OCCASIONS

you must be smartly dressed. Even if not new your clothes must ***look*** new. This can be effected by having your garments treated by the incomparable Achille Serre process, by which the rich and dainty fabrics of Evening Gowns and Opera Cloaks can be successfully cleaned whole without the slightest risk of injury or impoverishment. Our dainty Catalogue tells all about this wonderful process, and includes also complete lists of charges and a fund of useful information.

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neat and taut. Of course, the line it achieves is hard, but that is one of the fads of the hour.

Millinery for all Occasions at D. H. Evans', Oxford Street

Simultaneously with their time-honoured colour display, Messrs. D. H. Evans open their spacious millinery *salons*, filled to repletion with all that is latest, best, and most desirable in hats and toques. It may be safely said, without drawing any invidious comparison, that this is a show not to be rivalled, and only in a few rare instances equalled. Messrs. D. H. Evans have the space, the money, and the enterprise to grapple with the nowadays *exigeant* millinery question in its entirety. Consequently they have styles to suit all tastes, and prices to meet all purses.

Among the more *recherché* picture shapes a white Tagal recalls itself vividly, veiled with chiffon, and the brim lined with mole velvet, while in lieu of the ubiquitous ostrich plumes come two beautiful hand-made lace feathers. These veiled Tagals are quite a feature at Messrs. D. H. Evans', another adorable model being veiled with black lace, a garniture of the loveliest red roses—an unusual shade of red that quickly arrests the eye—putting the finishing touch to a delightful scheme.

A Charming Chapeau on "Napoleon" Lines

(Sketched at Messrs. D. H. Evans', by Dorothy Millar)

Prominent among the seasonable novelties is the popular "Napoleon," together with a quaint shape, designated the "Messenger," as the outline follows somewhat that of the hat worn by the Parisian bank messengers. These, fashioned of hemp straw, the turned-up brim of Tagal, or some flexible plait straw, make ideal travelling headgear, and are bound to be in much evidence during the Easter exodus.

In the matter of value, nothing can surpass the new large sailor shapes, fitted with the recessed head-piece, which Messrs. D. H. Evans are offering in all colours and gradations of colours, complete with velvet band, at *6s. 11d.* And they are also making a speciality of a riding-hat in sennet or pearl straw from *5s. 11d.*

An assured success may be predicted for a new stitched suède hat, which is being brought out in two styles, priced respectively at *15s. 11d.* and *21s. 9d.* The colours of the suède are particularly good, and are perhaps most irresistible in emerald, cerise, and violet. For motor bonnets, the purest Empire *modes* are affected, and, as may be imagined, are exceedingly becoming, with their quaint pleated straw crowns. But these are just a few picked haphazard out of a wealth of choice that only a personal inspection can enable one to appreciate.

The Menu: SOME DAINTY MEATLESS DISHES

Eggs au Gratin

Hard-boil six fresh eggs and cut each into four even slices lengthwise. Melt 1oz. of butter in a stewpan, add 1oz. of flour, stir together till well blended, then add half a pint of milk; stir the sauce till it boils, simmer for five minutes, add 1oz. of grated cheese, and a seasoning of white pepper and salt. Butter some small earthenware cups, and arrange a layer of eggs in each, cover with sauce, then eggs, then more sauce, sprinkle with grated cheese, cover with white breadcrumbs, on which put small pieces of butter, and put in a very hot oven for ten minutes, until they are nicely browned on the top. This is a very nice dish, and if fish is unobtainable makes an excellent substitute.

Baked Tomatoes and Spaghetti

Cut four or five tomatoes of the same size into halves and place them in a baking-tin with a small piece of butter on each, and dust them with black pepper and nutmeg. Bake from fifteen to twenty minutes. Have ready 6oz. of spaghetti boiled and hot, place this in a circle on a hot dish, arrange the tomatoes inside this, and pour over the spaghetti a rich cheese sauce. Serve very hot.

Stewed Rice and Cabbage

Boil in the ordinary way separately equal quantities of rice and cabbage. Cut the latter into small pieces before it is quite cooked, take it and the rice from their respective pans and place them together in a stewpan with just as much stock as will cover them, simmer until quite cooked (about five minutes), and serve with a covering of grated cheese.

Rice Balls

Boil 4oz. of rice in cold water, taking care to let it absorb all the liquid, to this add one tablespoonful of finely grated cheese, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, 1oz. of finely grated brown breadcrumbs, one tablespoonful of tomato sauce, pepper and salt to taste; bind all the ingredients with the yolks of two eggs, mixing thoroughly, form into balls, brush over with white of egg, roll in breadcrumbs, and fry a golden brown.

Devilled Oysters

For two dozen cooking oysters put 1oz. of butter in a pan; when it is dissolved, add a tablespoonful of lemon-juice and half a teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley; drain the oysters, and cook carefully till they are plump and the gills a little frilled. Season highly with cayenne and salt, and serve on croûtons of toast. Pour the reduced liquor over, and serve at once.

Parmesan Potatoes

Bake some large potatoes; cut off a round piece on the top of each. Scoop out the potato, mash it with butter, pepper and salt, and grated Parmesan cheese, refill the skins, and heat them up in the oven. Emilia.

THE PERMANENT REMOVAL OF SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

A Lady will Give You Her Secret Free.

For years I have searched for a simple and satisfactory way to remove superfluous hair from the skin so that it would not return. Experiments proved to me that the various pastes, powders, depilatories, electrical appliances, &c., now on the market are often injurious, and not lasting in their effects. At last I discovered a plan which succeeded in producing marvellous permanent results where all others failed. A fashionable Parisian lady who followed my advice says—"My face is now soft and smooth, and no one would ever think it had been disfigured by a growth of superfluous hair." Others write—"It seems too good to be true." Well, the test will tell. No matter how much or how little superfluous hair is on your face, neck, arms, or body, I am confident that you can now remove it permanently and with perfect safety. I will send full information regarding the secret of my discovery absolutely free to every woman who writes at once, but this offer is limited to a short time only, so do not delay if you wish to benefit free. Address, KATHRYN B. FIRMIN (Dept. 412), 85, Great Portland Street, London, W., and you will receive full particulars by return post in a plain sealed envelope.

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6,000 TESTIMONIALS.

I will send a **Test Horoscope** comprising seven pages and cover on receipt of 1/- P.O. and 1d. stamp for postage. Simply give date, month and year of birth-time if known. Mr. Newton Verity (B.E.). 58, Ludgate Hill, London. E.C.

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References—Capital & Counties Bank

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It is of special curative value in all disorders of the blood, the nerves, and the heart.

Sold in original bottles under the warranty of the **ORGANO-THERAPEUTIC INSTITUTE** *of* **Prof. VON POEHL & SONS,** *by all Chemists, at* **8/6** *per bottle.*

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FOR THE TEETH AND GUMS.

Celebrated for its beneficial effects on soft and tender gums. Aromatic and Antiseptic, contains absolutely no acid.

Samples 2d. post free from Depot E, 203, REGENT STREET, W.

25 MEDALS AWARDED FOR EXCELLENCE incontestably proving it to be the best Dentifrice.

Perfect Hygiene of the Mouth & Teeth is only attained by the daily use of DR. PIERRE'S EAU DENTIFRICE.

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"Footgloves"

The boots and shoes bearing this name are unique for ladies' wear. They are so soft and flexible that they fit like a glove, make the feet look elegant, and walking a pleasure. Moreover, they will always keep their shape. The soles are carefully prepared from the best English tanned leather to prevent moisture passing through.

All Styles Perfectly Modelled in Half Sizes.

If you would like to know more about this flexible footwear, write to us for descriptive booklet of styles and address of nearest agent.

SCOTT'S "FOOTGLOVE" FACTORY, STAFFORD.

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GIVES INSTANT RELIEF.

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British Depot: 46, Holborn Viaduct. Also of Newbery & Sons; Barclay & Sons; J. Sanger & Son; W. Edwards & Son; May, Roberts & Co.; Butler & Crispe; T. Thomson, Liverpool, & all Wholesale Houses.

The Editor's Box

A Splendid Programme

Full of humour and witty sallies, Messrs. Maskelyne and Devant's entertainment is as mysterious as ever. "Psycho," the marvellous automaton, takes a hand at whist, showing a wonderful knowledge of the game, and enjoys a cigarette the while. Almost as clever was Mr. Devant's changing of a paper sketch of M. Rostand's head into a large egg, out of which hopped a five-foot rooster. The programme ended with an amusing farce, in which the wishes of the holder of a magic charm bring about wonderful and humorous changes and disappearances.

A Soap You Must Try

One of the most delightful toilet soaps on the market is the Lotil. Its scent is particularly refreshing, and its effect on the skin is very beneficial. A box containing three large tablets will be sent post free to any address in the United Kingdom for 1*s.* 6*d.*; also a sample will be sent on receipt of three penny stamps, addressed to the Lotil Soap Co., Oxford Works, Tower Bridge Road, London, S.E.

Bollinger—Of Course!

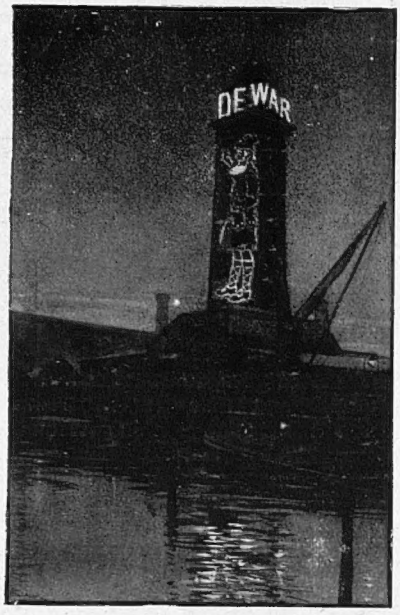
Bollinger's Champagne, 1904 Vintage, was one of the wines selected for the banquet which was held on Wednesday last at the Connaught Rooms in connection with the Royal Masonic Benevolent Institution, where about 1,000 people were present.

A Delightful Waltz

Her Majesty the Queen has graciously accepted a copy of Mr. George L'Estrange's new waltz, "The Scent of the Roses," which has recently been published (price 1*s.* 6*d.* nett) by Messrs. J. B. Cramer and Co., Ltd., of 126–128, Oxford Street, W.

The Tailor for You

At the present time many Service men and others abroad are making arrangements to come home for the Coronation. One of the first thoughts that will occur to such men on arriving home will be, "Where can I get a good-style tailoring outfit without having to pay very heavily for it?" There are nowadays a number of tailors who do turn out high-class garments at very reasonable prices, but they require finding. In this connection we can thoroughly recommend Messrs. B. Cubitt and Co., of 223, Oxford Street, W., for good-class work at a moderate price. The business is carried on in a quiet, unobtrusive manner on a first floor, where a man can see what he wants and have it made as he wishes.



The Dewar Shot Tower

A striking electric sign advertising Messrs. Dewar's whisky to be seen from the Embankment every evening

Well Deserved

Messrs. Fickus, Courtenay and Co., Ltd., inform us that Mr. Johann Maria Farina, of No. 4, Julichs Platz, Cologne-on-Rhine, for whom they are the agents in England and Wales, has been honoured with the Royal Warrant of Appointment to His Majesty King George V. for his Eau de Cologne, known throughout the world as the "No. 4."

Silence!

The Silent Electric Clock Co., of 198, Goswell Road, E.C., the well-known electric clock specialists, wish us to state that during the next few days they would welcome visitors from those interested in electric clocks to view the fine installation just completed for the New Parliament House, Regina, Canada. This installation, with fifty dials controlled by a very handsome Seconds Beat Master Clock, and a twenty-four hour Programme Ringer, is of special design, and, as shown with all its dials in circuit, is a very practical example of the benefits of uniform time. Moreover, in spite of the fifty dials "moving like one," there is none of the noisy bang that one has, in the past, been apt to associate with clocks electrically driven. The perfect quietness of the complete installation, even when all the dials are together in one room, is the clearest proof that the Silent Electric Clock Co.—under the skilful management of Mr. G. B. Bowell—have created a new era in electric clocks.

Poker Patience Sets

Among the many novelties on sale with stationers and stores are the "Poker Patience" cases produced by Messrs. Thos. De La Rue and Co., Ltd., Bunhill Row, E.C. These are in many choice leathers, from morocco to crocodile, and contain either two or four packs of large "Patience" cards, scoring tablets, and a leather-bound book of rules by "Dalton." The prices are from 12*s.* upwards.

A Correction

We regret that in a recent advertisement concerning Kupferberg's Sparkling Berncastler, the Dry Sparkling Moselle, which is such a favourite with the medical faculty and the public alike, an error crept into the printed price. The correct price is sixty-five shillings per dozen bottles, and thirty-four and sixpence per dozen half-bottles.

EUGEN SANDOW says:—

"PLASMON

is the essential food I have so long wished for, and I would never be without it."

PLASMON & PLASMON COCOA, 9d., 1/4, 2/6.
PLASMON OATS, 6d.

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Household Linens of Durability

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HEAVY DOUBLE DAMASK TABLE CLOTHS
Design, P380. Shamrock, Rose and Thistle.

Size	Price	Size	Price	Size	Price
2×2 yds . .	11/-	3×2 yds . .	16/6	3×2½ yds . .	22/-
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DINNER NAPKINS to match, 27 in. square, price 18/9 dozen.

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M52 Pure Linen Sheets, Heavy Make, 2×3 yds, 26/10; 2½×3 yds. 34/4 pair.
G431 Hemstitched Linen Sheets, 2×3 yds, 38/6; 2½×3 yds, 49/6 pair. Pillow Cases to match, Plain 4/2, Hemstitched 10/6 pair.

TOWELS

H51 Hemstitched Linen Towels Damask border, 25×43 in., 24/6 dozen.
H105 Grass-bleached Linen Diaper Towels, 27×43 in. 29/6 doz.
E533 Duchesse Cover, Hand Embroidered, size 12×45 in. 7/2 each.

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